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IS IT WAR?

Japan Said to Have Broken Off
Negotiations.

All indications point to war being very near, and negotiation has been raised whether diplomatic relations have not already been broken off by Japan. It would be a quite natural step on her part, for she has waited an unreasonable time for an answer from Russia; and no sign is made. Indeed, it is stated that even the probable date of despatch cannot be determined.

A correspondent sent the following "urgent" message last night from Peking:—

Official information has been received here that the Japanese Government has decided to refuse to take further action at once.

This is interpreted here as meaning that war is begun.

Count Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador, is said to look with suspicion on reports emanating from Peking concerning news which might be easily cabled direct from Japan. But he has consistently proved extremely well-informed, and there is nothing inherently improbable in the fact.

Japan must now recognise that it is useless to expect a favourable answer from Russia, in view of the warlike preparations the latter Power is making, and as her two new cruisers are due to arrive in about a week, she has no great reason to delay. Further disturbances in Korea tend to hasten the apparently inevitable conflict.

The gravest view is taken of the situation everywhere in Europe except in Germany, where the Press still expresses confidence of a peaceful settlement.

RUSSIAN FLEET SAILS.

TOKIO, Thursday.

The Japanese Government has received information that all the Russian warships at Port Arthur, which is under repair, left yesterday for an unknown destination. The Russians are moving in the direction of the Yalu.

The Russian commander at Vladivostok has decided to leave the Japanese residents to prepare to leave in the event of war.—Reuter.

The sailing of the squadron is confirmed by a report from Port Arthur in the "New York Herald" (Paris edition), and the Japanese Press at Washington has also been informed of the fact by his Government.

MOVING TOWARDS WAR.

TOKIO, Thursday.

Japanese official reports announce that a thousand tons of transport of ammunition and stores. Russian troops are being steadily moved towards the coast.

The Japanese commercial agent at Vladivostok reported yesterday by the commander that, according to orders from his Government, he might have to proclaim a state of siege.—Reuter.

DISGUISED INVASION OF KOREA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.

According to intelligence from Vladivostok the Japanese are returning in large numbers from Korea to Japan.

Reports from Korea state that panic and general disorder prevail in all the seaports, where the measures of Europeans are apprehended. Enemy subjects are preparing to send their property to Shanghai.

Many Japanese officers and soldiers in disguise are reported to be present in such numbers as to cause the Russians as being in reality a secret invasion.—Reuter.

"ALL HOPE GONE."

TOKIO, Thursday.

A conference of the Elder Statesmen was held this afternoon in the presence of the Emperor, at which it was believed, a decision of the utmost importance was arrived at. The general impression now is that all hope of peace is gone.—Reuter.

STATEMENT IN THE COMMONS.

The House of Commons yesterday afternoon adjourned after the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs had said in regard to the present state of affairs between Russia and Japan, it would be wrong for him to make any statement at the present moment.

Representations had been made to the Government regarding the delay in the evacuation of Manchuria.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will go to the Palace next May to unveil the statue of Queen Victoria and open the exhibition at the Cartwright Memorial Hall.

AN ABSENTEE FROM THE FREE FOOD FEAST.



To-night the opponents of Mr. Chamberlain dine at Lord Wimborne's house and arrange plans for the destruction of the ex-Colonial Secretary, who, singularly enough, is not at all alarmed at the situation.

Why the Guests Should Toast the Health of Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain's politics have cost him a good dinner. He is not one of the seventy guests at Lord Wimborne's free-food feast to-night. Yet it was Mr. Chamberlain who supplied the occasion for the banquet.

This fact in no way detracts from the opportune hospitality of Lord and Lady Wimborne. Nor does it deprive the Duke of Devonshire of a measure of credit for sagaciously hinting that a bringing together of all free-feeders, irrespective of party, around some festive board, would be a good thing. It only means that the merry Wimborne party, including the ladies and gentlemen who will attend the after-dinner reception, ought really in common courtesy to toast the health of Mr. Chamberlain, the real promoter of the feast. One can quite imagine a picture of Mr.

Chamberlain passing the dining-room window, while the figures of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—When shall they three meet again?—are seen within striking fraternal glasses. There is no trace of envy or dismay on Mr. Chamberlain's features.

On the contrary, his expression suggests a sort of jocund complacency.

In the gossiping corridors and lobbies of the House of Commons, wherever two or three members are seen standing or strolling together, their topic is the dinner and what will be the upshot of it.

Leaving the prophets a free field for their prognostications, the facts speak pretty plainly for themselves. The Duke of Devonshire will there meet in solemn conclave Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Elaborate arrangements have been made to ensure that the Duke of Devonshire shall have the confidence and support at this gathering of a large number of members of the Unionist Free Food

League. About twenty members of the House of Commons will sit around the tables in the great hall.

DANCE BY COMPULSION.

Four young fellows (writes our Rome correspondent) have created a stir at Biella by their strangely brutal and audacious conduct. They forced their way late at night into a house where there were three sisters whose mother died only a few days ago.

The ladies politely requested the intruders to withdraw, but they said they wanted to dance, and forced the girls to act as partners. They broke all the furniture, and when the girls' father came home they beat him shamefully and stabbed him.

On leaving the wrecked house they attacked all the passers-by, one man being mortally wounded. Finally the young ruffians were arrested.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: (Variable or easterly winds; unsettled and rainy (sleet or snow in the Midlands and north); colder.

Lighting-up time, 8.54 p.m.

Sea Passages: English Channel, rather rough; North Sea and Irish Channel, moderate.

It is reported from Peking that Japan has broken off negotiations with Russia and will take "free action" at once. The Russian fleet has sailed from Port Arthur and Russian troops are moving on the Yalu.—(Page 1.)

The King and Queen, together with the Prince and Princess of Wales, last evening attended the Ice Carnival at Hengiers. The function was a brilliant success.—(Page 2.)

In the Commons, Mr. Robson, moving an amendment to the Address, very strongly condemned the action of the War Office in respect to the South African campaign. He was replied to by Mr. Wyndham.—(Page 2.)

Mr. Balfour continues to make steady, though slow, progress towards recovery.—(Page 2.)

Arrangements are now complete for the meeting which the Duke of Devonshire is to address at the Guildhall on Monday. Officials do not expect such an assembly as that which greeted Mr. Chamberlain.—(Page 3.)

Already the new Army scheme is being subjected to strong criticism. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, a military expert, thinks that it will be almost unworkable.—(Page 3.)

The death is announced of Mr. James Soanes, a native of Norfolk, who had a remarkable career. He made a large fortune out of waste paper, establishing a large business that will now be carried on by his sons.—(Page 3.)

The Duke of Norfolk and his future Duchess will on their marriage receive handsome gifts from the citizens of Sheffield and the officers of the second battalion of the Sussex Volunteers.—(Page 8.)

Reports still come to hand of the havoc caused by the floods in the Thames Valley and elsewhere. Some striking pictorial illustrations are given.—(Pages 8-11.)

The disappearance is reported of another young lady—this time from the little town of Stroud, Gloucestershire.—(Page 6.)

A Rome telegram indicates that the Very Rev. Peter E. Amigo, Vicar-General of Southwark, will shortly be announced as the Bishop of that diocese in succession to Archbishop Bourne.—(Page 6.)

Southwark Guardians have decided to send particulars of the complaints made in respect to Guy's Hospital to King Edward's Hospital Fund Committee.—(Page 15.)

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Hanbury, widow of the late Minister of Agriculture, to Mr. V. H. Bowring, son of the former Liberal member for Exeter.—(Page 9.)

On the ground of his desertion and misconduct, Mrs. M. C. Nuthall yesterday obtained, in the High Court, a divorce from her husband, Mr. A. F. Nuthall, a tea-planter in Assam. The case was undefended.—(Page 4.)

Sitting in the High Court, Mr. Justice Grantham yesterday settled a remarkable quarrel between two brothers by taking the two into his private room, and persuading them to enter into an amicable arrangement.—(Page 4.)

Giving evidence before the London Traffic Commission yesterday, Mr. C. S. Meik suggested the construction of two great main avenues—one from Enfield to Croydon and the other from Hounslow to Barking—these roads to meet at King's Cross-road and Rosebery-avenue.—(Page 7.)

The explosion at a Faversham gunpowder works was more serious than was at first thought. Of the five persons injured two have since succumbed.—(Page 3.)

Count Zeppelin is about to make another attempt to solve the problem of aerial navigation, and is building a new balloon on the shores of Lake Constance.—(Page 6.)

Racing at Newmarket was not of a very interesting character. Treachery secured the chief event of the day, starting at 6 to 1.—(Page 10.)

St. Amant, the winter favourite for the Derby, yesterday at Newmarket commenced his preparation for the classic events of 1904.—(Page 11.)

William Kemp, described as a dealer in jewellery and an ex-convict, yesterday sought in the King's Bench Division to obtain a verdict for £99 in respect of property. Some remarkable evidence was given, the jury finding for defendant.—(Page 4.)

At Bow-street Police Court Henry James Wingfield, an actor, was summoned for cruelty to his wife, who told of an unhappy married life. Eventually the case was adjourned with a view to a deed of mutual separation being drawn up.—(Page 4.)

A solicitor, named Frederick Emmett, forty-six, was fined £3, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment, at the South-Western Police Court, for drunkenness and assault.—(Page 4.)

Lord Blythwood, now staying at his Renfrew seat, has had an unpleasant experience with two burglars. The thieves were pursued, but managed to get away.—(Page 3.)

To-day's Arrangements.

Lady Winborne's Reception at Wimborne House.
Mr. John Morley presides at a Complimentary Dinner to the new Liberal Members of Parliament at the National Liberal Club.
Mr. Austin, the Poet Laureate, delivers an Address at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, on "The Growing Dislike for the Higher Kinds of Poetry."
The Winter General Meeting of the National Rifle Association at the Royal United Service Institution.
Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry Sergeants' Banquet at the Balmoral Rooms, Trocadero.
Chamber of Shipping Meeting, Cannon-street Hotel, 11.
Conference of Oyster Merchants, re Royal Commission Report, Great Eastern Hotel, 11.
Institute of Printers' Lecture, St. Bride Institute, 7.30.
Racing: Hurst Park.
Athletics: At Cambridge, Third Trinity and King's College.

RADICALS IN FIGHTING FORM.

Mr. Robson's Scathing Criticism of the Conduct of the South African War.

When the next Liberal Prime Minister is forming his Administration he is scarcely likely to ignore the claims of Mr. Robson to a "position of profit under the Crown."

Among the little band of brilliant lawyers who illuminate the back benches, none has risen more rapidly to repute than "the hon. and learned member for South Shields." Half-a-dozen years ago he was, comparatively speaking, unknown at Westminster. To-day he is universally regarded as one of the most powerful debaters in the Popular Chamber. Organising his facts with all the damaging precision and moderation of a great prosecuting counsel, few, if any, can surpass him in the art of bringing home to his opponents the full effects of their political misdeeds.

He had, perhaps, an easy task to find abundant data yesterday to elaborate his amendment to the Address, representing to his Majesty that "the facts now made known in regard to the preparations for and conduct of the recent war in South Africa, and particularly the evidence taken by our Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into those matters and their report thereon, disclose grave negligence and mismanagement on the part of your Majesty's Ministers, whereby the duration, magnitude, and cost of the war were greatly increased."

Brilliant Legal Speech.

That Mr. Robson made the most of his opportunity nobody who followed the debate will deny. The House always listens with strange fascination, not unmixed with pain, to the terrible tragedies, produced by mismanagement, with which the South African yieldt will for ever be associated. It listened with unabated eagerness yesterday, and before the brilliant lawyer had completed his indictment—and he spoke for nearly an hour and a half—the floor of the House was uncomfortably crowded.

Mr. Chamberlain, wearing the inevitable white orchid, occupied the seat usually adorned by the Olympian form of Mr. Chaplin, his latest ally, and took notes from time to time. Mr. Brodbrick, who has the great misfortune to be a little deaf, did his best to follow the speech of the mover of the amendment, while Mr. Wyndham, who, perhaps, proved himself to be the most effective champion of the War Office during the dark days of 1899 and 1900, was an eager listener. Mr. Arnold-Forster, the new War Secretary, armed with a formidable pile of Blue-books, was on Mr. Wyndham's nearest neighbour.

The Peers' Gallery was also crowded, prominent amongst those present being Lord Tweedmouth, Earl Crewe, and the Earl of Donoughmore.

Although Mr. Robson has always been a Liberal Imperialist he apparently carried every section of the Opposition with him, cheer after cheer breaking forth as the debater, pointing his fingers significantly to the defaulting Ministers, addressed himself to what he conceived to be their particular delinquencies.

At the outset he expressed his regret that he had to make a personal charge when the Prime Minister was not able to be present to meet it. (General cheering.)

Indictment of the Government.

His first allegation was that the Government had failed to take precautions and to exercise ordinary foresight and care in spite of distinct, ample, and repeated warnings. His second charge was that the English Government, warned of impending conflict, did not take the trouble to consider its duty towards all the contending Powers; and till it had done that our soldiers could not prepare a plan of campaign. The third duty incumbent on every Ministry was that, having regard to our perennial state of unpreparedness, they must keep diplomacy and military preparedness in some state of accord.

"From reports made public," continued Mr. Robson, "the country knew that months before the war the Intelligence Department foretold that the Boers, in the event of hostilities would take the offensive, and advance on Ladysmith. There is no parallel in English history for this," added Mr. Robson, with marked emphasis, and the Liberals cheered wildly.

In quick, resonant tones, the Opposition responding warmly to this fresh exhibition of feeling, he challenged anyone to point to a Government receiving warnings year after year and month after

month, and neglecting them, to show at the end such hopeless and helpless ignorance as the First Lord of the Treasury showed.

But the Prime Minister was not the only member of the Government at whom Mr. Robson pointed his oratorical gun. Apparently forgetting the presence of the Speaker, to whom all hon. members are supposed to address themselves, he frequently caught the eye of the unhappy Mr. Brodbrick, who said he was always unprepared for war. Surely, then, any statesman who intervenes in international disputes, which may lead to war, should require to be endowed with a double dose of caution and courtesy."

Mr. Chamberlain, sitting with folded arms, pale and statuesque, was, of course, to the great delight of stalwart Radicals, not overlooked when the great K.C. came to touch upon our perpetual unpreparedness for war. "The right hon. gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, has said we were always unprepared for war. Surely, then, any statesman who intervenes in international disputes, which may lead to war, should require to be endowed with a double dose of caution and courtesy."

Bygones Cannot be Bygones.

Tumultuous Opposition cheers, but Mr. Chamberlain merely raised his eyebrows. "One could scarcely imagine anything more dangerous than what used to be called the 'new diplomacy,' which consisted in the instant publication of despatches, so inflaming public opinion that it was impossible to obtain anything like a diplomatic pause if the soldiers required it."

Summing up the case on behalf of the Opposition, Mr. Robson declared that the incompetence and neglect that had now been made clear to the English people would not pass without profit. It was perfectly idle to listen to such a story as the Commission had unfolded and then to say, "Let bygones be bygones." That would not do. (Prolonged cheering.) They saw from the preparations that had already been made for the reconstruction of the War Office that the Prime Minister, who knew nothing about the Orange Free State, was to become almost Commander-in-Chief, whilst Ministers who had been so neglectful in dealing with Imperial peace were to be invited to deal with the war.

"Let the people take care," said the speaker, in conclusion, "that the incompetence which has been disclosed in one department, is not allowed to operate in all departments of the State."

The House quickly emptied when Mr. Robson resumed his seat, and the hon. member was apparently the recipient of many congratulations from hon. members sitting around him.

At a late hour Mr. Wyndham defended his Ministerial colleagues. In a speech which was characterised by his accustomed grace and persuasiveness, and with even more than his usual suavities, he claimed that the Government had pushed the recipient of the general preparations to a standard which enabled them to conduct the war to a successful conclusion, and appealed to the House not to turn out of office the present Prime Minister in order that the reorganisation of the War Office should be directed by—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Sir Charles Dilke, following Mr. Wyndham, said that the finding of the Commission, far from acquitting the Government, as Mr. Wyndham contended, had virtually condemned them.

Lord Methuen was an interested listener to the debate.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S RELEASE.

Mr. Akers-Douglas, yesterday, in answer to a question by Mr. James O'Connor, said Mrs. Maybrick had been granted a licence under the Penal Servitude Acts, and was at present in a home, which she would be allowed to leave towards the end of the summer.

Mr. Akers-Douglas concluded: "In accordance with the wishes of the authorities of the home, and with Mrs. Maybrick's own earnest desire, which is, I think, entitled to consideration, I do not propose to make public further details as to time and place."

Questioned by Mr. Gibson Bowles, Mr. Brodbrick stated that about 3,000 men were engaged on the political mission to Tibet, and that the cost would not be charged to the revenues of India.

The vacancy in the Normanston division, caused by the death of Mr. Pickard, will probably result in a three-cornered contest, Labour, Liberal, and Conservative candidates being already in the field.

ROYAL ICE CARNIVAL.

The King and Queen at the Union Jack Club Benefit.

A blaze of soft light, festoons of roses, warm colour, and the scent of flowers; glittering silver, frost—or spangles to represent it—in the air—Everywhere charming women in pretty frocks. And, above all, royalty to grace the occasion.

That was the impression given by the Skating Fête and Ice Carnival held at the National Skating Palace for the benefit of the Union Jack Club yesterday.

It was a generous thought, and the committee which included some of the highest names in the land, did not spare time or trouble to make it a success. Visitors were well rewarded for the moment they entered. They were greeted by beautiful flower-stall with banks of mimosa, sweet-scented lilies, and a wealth of beauty and colour exquisitely arranged under the superintendence of Mrs. Alfred Harnsworth and a very pretty girl. There were other stalls, too, in the great hall. Lady Tweedmouth, assisted by Mrs. Lavinia Harcourt, Mrs. Wallis, and Mrs. Spender, were supplying hosts of purchasers with every kind of article imaginable. The Navy and Army staff, the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Charles of Cambridge, and immediately presiding over by Mrs. Ethel MacCaul, was a centre of attraction.

Brilliant Spectacle.

The spectacle in the evening, when the King and Queen, with a noble company of guests, were present, was a brilliant one. But though the fancy dresses were picturesque, the skating was shown in the prize winners, the skating was graceful, or so delightful to watch, as to make a bird, so delicately and lightly did she glide and hover. Mr. Grenadier, like and active, gave what was perhaps the most beautiful case, that of all, for he swept over the ice with the ease of the tremendous muscular power implied only by the truly appreciated by the initiative.

In amusing contrast was the performance and character of Charles Holt, who, with his horripiles steps, which walks achieved weird and wonderful steps, which few people can do under ordinary circumstances. Afterwards Professors Steigert and Chambers were watched with breathless interest in their feat of strenuous skating, one felt that a false step might result in some serious injury. But the King nobody makes false steps skating before the King and Queen!

In the afternoon, the waiting had been a little tentative, and people had seemed to general skating on the ice when it was given up to general skating. Lady Helen Vincent, most graceful of skaters; Mrs. Cornwallis West; Mrs. Wallis, and a few others had been seen, but in the evening there were many more skaters and things went merrily indeed.

The skating fête was an undoubted success, and the Union Jack Club must have benefited considerably from it.

MR. BALFOUR'S HEALTH.

The Premier May Have to Take a Holiday.

Not a little anxiety is felt, especially in the Conservative Party, regarding Mr. Balfour's health. The opinion appears to be growing that the Prime Minister may find it necessary to take a prolonged holiday, if not permanently to surrender to influenza attacks.

The matter gives rise to a strange rumour in the House of Commons. This is to the effect that the Prime Minister find himself unable to carry on the Government the King will send the Duke of Devonshire, who, with a few months the work of government with a view to an appeal to the country at a time when severe depression of trade would be experienced.

SENSATIONAL COFFEE DEALING.

Yesterday was probably the most sensational in the history of the New York Coffee Exchange. Reuter's correspondent states. The excitement was the amount of business at the opening was great that the call lasted over three-quarters of an hour instead of about ten minutes, and the brokers were practically exhausted before the market was over.

The movement was nothing short of sensational. The volume of trading being enormous throughout the day. The market closed at about the level of the day at from 8 to 1.05.

ENGLISH SCOUNDRELS IN FRANCE.

The Englishmen, Fred Smith, Wilson, and Howard, who were arrested at Bordeaux on December on a charge of being concerned in various bank robberies in France and other countries, were tried before the Ninth Criminal Chamber at Paris yesterday.

Mahon and Wilson were sentenced to five years, Howard and Smith to four years' imprisonment to be followed in each case by five years' exile from France.—Reuter.

GREAT BRITAIN ALL BEHIND.

The Norwegian Government has declined British Admiralty's offer to send a warship to the relief for the sufferers at the burning of the Alesund. It is pointed out that the despatch now so much improved as to render the despatch of the proffered warship unnecessary.—Reuter.

BACON GRILLED WHOLESALERS.

A fire broke out yesterday morning at the house of Messrs. Gilyott's, Limited, 10, Finsbury-square, spread to two other warehouses. The three buildings were filled with lard, bacon, and other provisions, while in the basement of the first were stored hundreds of tons of oil.

The Secretary for War has promised a respondent that he will give his attention to allegations of discontent among our troops in South Africa.

COLEMAN'S "WINCARNIS."

The FINEST TONIC and Restorative in the World.



COLEMAN & CO. Limited, Norwich and London.

Sample Bottle sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

(Please mention this paper.)

Over 6,000 Testimonials received from Medical Men.

A BULWARK AGAINST INFLUENZA.

FREE FOOD, SPEECH, AND ADMISSION.

The Drag Hung on the Wheel and Said, "See What a Dust I Raise."

The generally accepted belief that the Duke of Devonshire is a mortal of drowsy tendencies must be wrong. The feverish excitement which prevails in Poultry-chambers, where the Duke is holding his Guildhall meeting on February 8, is being distributed, can only be a reflection of his imperious character.

Yesterday a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* reporter asked to see how things were getting on, but was rebuffed with the frantic bustle. My dear sir. Really, we are much too busy. We write down anything you want. I can't possibly carry anything more in my head," gasped the official.

See the secretary? Just look at him. He's a busy man. Try some other time. Perhaps he will be able to see you to-morrow. "No, no, no," said the secretary, "it did not seem to me, and our reporter decided not to depend on that work should be hard is natural enough for you to come to think of it. There are only three seats in the Guildhall to be filled somehow or other, and that is no light matter. Fifty-one of the seats have been reserved for the Press, which is a little, but February 8 is approaching, and it would not do to have any seats to be filled on the great day."

On the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's meeting there were over three thousand people inside the hall, not to mention those outside, and it would be a disgrace if the "Drag on the Wheel" were there less than half as many.

Will Look Quite Full.

However, by a judicious arrangement the hall will look quite full. That portion which was given to standing room at the Chamberlain meeting was who did not know, would imagine that it was a packed meeting. Being by the excitement at Poultry-chambers, the reporter was surprised to find no signs of a packed meeting. The office of the Superintendent of the Police.

It takes a lot to perturb a policeman, but the Duke's coming, if nothing else. They might even have made a show of being decently polite, if they did not feel it. However, an official explained the situation.

They have no novelty to the police, but the Chamberlain meeting was not an affair at all, while the meeting on Monday we had to arrange for a popular reception in the hall. The Duke's coming, if nothing else. They might even have made a show of being decently polite, if they did not feel it. However, an official explained the situation.

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NUTSHELLS FOR BABY.

The Incredible Ignorance of the Working-Class Mother.

The stupidity of the modern mother is monumental. At an inquest at Hull the other day a mother was asked to tell the coroner that she bought a two-year-old baby, who ate them, and that all. The child of course died. The mother is that the babies of the poor grow up in a hovel for not one woman in a hundred feeds her babies properly. This is not through want of milk, but through ignorance.

The baby is born it is given bread-and-butter, and it dies. The mother's diet increases day by day, until by the time the baby is six months old it will cheerfully eat bread and butter, and even if it has the good sense to resist it resists the milk diet.

No more! I am sure that the mother dear exactly what we have our mother's every day reply to a corner, with conscious rectitude, "I never knowed the baby's taste is depraved by its mother's ignorance, and even if it has the good sense to resist it resists the milk diet."

Of course, the mother dear exactly what we have our mother's every day reply to a corner, with conscious rectitude, "I never knowed the baby's taste is depraved by its mother's ignorance, and even if it has the good sense to resist it resists the milk diet."

GUNPOWDER WORKS EXPLOSION.

Five persons sustained serious injury in the explosion at the Eversham Gunpowder Works, which took place on the 1st inst. The explosion was the first of the kind since the building in which the accident

THE NEW ARMY SCHEME CONDEMNED.

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Our Leading Military Critic, Declares its Entire Futility.

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, the foremost military critic of our day, has spoken his mind in no uncertain tones about the new measures of Army reform embodied in the report of the War Office Reorganisation Committee, presided over by Lord Esher.

His opinions will be found in an interview granted to the enterprising editor of the *Manchester "Daily Dispatch."* "The essential feature of the new scheme," says Mr. Wilkinson, "is the attempt to provide the Prime Minister with a staff of his own, by which he will try to maintain the harmony between the Army, the Navy, and his own policy. For this purpose he is creating a secretariat to the Committee of Defence, and he fancies that this secretariat can perform the double function of a naval and a military general staff under a single chief called secretary. I regard this conception as a chimera, because the essence of a general staff is that it is a highly expert body, the qualifications of a chief of a staff being that he is a past-master of the fine art of directing operations in war. There are two fine arts, the one naval and the other military. No man has ever been such a past-master of them both as to be capable of being a qualified chief of the staff in both branches. Accordingly the secretary cannot be a real expert in both branches, but will be a double amateur."

Shirking Responsibility.

"Mr. Balfour's mistake consists in giving the secretary power to consider and advise instead of making him a mere recorder, for the secretary's advice can never be as competent as that given by

Admiralty will insensibly find their responsibility modified, and it will be less than ever possible to ascertain the authorship of any failure or of any fault, whether of omission or commission.

A Ridiculous Committee.

"The only possible Imperial General Staff," Mr. Wilkinson continued, "is the responsible Government of the Empire. If it is urged that the Cabinet of the United Kingdom does not fulfil that function, my reply would be: Let us deliberately construct a Cabinet that will, but do not let us entrust the management of the British Empire to the irresponsible secretary of an irresponsible secret committee assembled by the Prime Minister at his own discretion, and composed of such persons as it may please him at any particular moment to call together."

"The failure disclosed by the report of the War Commission was a failure, not at the War Office, but in the Cabinet, which refused to listen to the military advice given to it, and afterwards defended itself by the entirely unproved assertion that the advice given to it was bad. The reform most needed was that proposed by Earl Roberts, to enlarge the functions and strengthen the position of the Director of Mobilisation and Intelligence so as to make him what the Duke of Wellington would have called Quartermaster-General, and what the Prussians call Chief of the Great General Staff of the Army."

"The officer was there in the person of Sir William Nicholson, who has had a war experience of staff duties possessed at this moment probably by no other officer in the world, and who is, in the almost unanimous opinion of competent judges, the ablest officer in the British Army. The first work

Whitaker Wright's Will.

Not to be Opened till Mrs. Wright Recovers Her Health.

The late Mr. Whitaker Wright left a will, but it has not yet been opened.

Mrs. Wright is still lying seriously ill suffering from shock, and the will is not to be opened until she has sufficiently recovered, which will probably be two or three weeks hence.

For the present the family are staying on at the Lower House, the home farm of the estate, which stands in Lea Park, about half a mile from the huge and pretentious mansion which Whitaker Wright occupied at the time of the London and Globe crash.

THE POPULAR TRAMCAR.

A return was yesterday issued by the Board of Trade, giving interesting particulars of the position of tramways and light railways at the close of the official year ending June 30, 1903, in England and Wales.

The authorised capital at this date was fifty-six millions—twenty millions by shares and thirty-six millions by loans and debentures. Of this amount thirty-three millions had been paid up and expended. Fourteen hundred and fifty-four miles were open for public traffic, no fewer than one thousand and fifty-four miles being run by electricity. The slow but reliable horse, to the number of 18,279, was used over two hundred and seventy miles, and one hundred and ten miles were devoted to steam cars. There were still nine miles of the gradually disappearing cable system and gas motors, which may have a big future, were tried over the same distance.

The total number of cars in use was 7,309, and the number of passengers carried reached 1,336,543,197, or forty-one journeys during the year for every man, woman, and child in England and Wales. As to the profits, the gross receipts were

THE KING'S SUPPER TABLE.



The King and Queen Alexandra gave a grand supper party at Hengler's last night, on the occasion of the Carnival in aid of the Union Jack Club. Supper for sixty was ordered for the Royal Family and their guests, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Russian Ambassador, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.

the First Sea Lord or the first military member of the War Office Council. The result of the scheme will be that, instead of the Prime Minister being put in direct communication between the best military judgment and the best naval judgment, these judgments will be submitted to him in a modified form after passing through a third mind. Another consequence will be that the War Office and the

of Lord Esher's committee has been to drive Sir William Nicholson from his post. No more monstrous act has been committed in my time. It will, of course, be alleged that this is the biased opinion of a personal friend, but I am Sir William Nicholson's friend only because I have had opportunities of appreciating the brilliant quality of his work and the rare strength of his character."

LORD BLYTHWOOD'S BURGLARS.

Lord Blythwood has had a very unpleasant experience, having been awakened to find burglars standing at the door of his room.

The occurrence took place at his lordship's residence, Blythwood House, Renfrew, early yesterday morning. Two men forced their way in through one of the drawing-room windows reached by means of a ladder. Wandering through several rooms, they picked up a number of silver and other ornaments, and eventually reached Lord Blythwood's bedroom.

His lordship was aroused by hearing the door moved and, at once jumping out of bed, gave the alarm. The intruders ran downstairs pursued by his lordship and succeeded in making their escape by leaping from one of the windows.

Mr. Kennedy took his seat yesterday at Marlborough-street Police Court after three months' absence, through severe illness. He has apparently entirely recovered.

MR. SOANES' WASTE PAPER.

To sell matches at a shilling a box would appear to be a reasonably sure path to affluence, but sixty years ago, at Sydney, James Soanes found the speculation unremunerative. He worked his passage back to London, and here made a fortune out of waste paper. A Norfolk man by birth, Mr. James Soanes, who died yesterday at the age of seventy-seven, had a remarkable career. He ran away to sea when only eight years old, and suffered many hardships before, at the age of nineteen, he entered on matrimony and started a waste paper business on the same day. By the time he was thirty-three years of age he owned the largest business of its kind in London, having contracts with the "Daily Telegraph" and most of the principal papers. Since then the trade has still further developed, and now occupies extensive premises in Harpur-street, Holborn. Mr. Soanes entirely constructed Ordell-street, and raised large factories in the Farringdon-road. The vast business he established will be carried on by his sons.

£6,602,313, and the working expenses £4,678,530, leaving net profits £1,923,783. A most satisfactory showing.

DOCKS CHAIRMAN'S COMPLAINT.

Mr. Chas. J. C. Scott, yesterday, presided at the annual meeting of the London and India Docks Company, at the offices in Leadenhall-street.

In moving the adoption of the report and a dividend of 3½ per cent. on the deferred ordinary stock, he complained bitterly of the Government having held back the Port of London Bill. He considered it an injustice that legislation should be kept hanging over their heads. In case the Government should not proceed with the Bill, the company had introduced an alternative Bill of their own.

The present dock accommodation was, from the chairman's point of view, amply sufficient.

"FILTHY LUCRE" AND THE REMEDY.

"The inventor who devises a cheap and handy machine for rapidly washing and scrubbing coins at the bank would be a public benefactor," so thinks the "Lancet," which considers pressure might be brought to bear upon the bank authorities in this matter. Coins of the realm are all subject, when in circulation to a repulsive kind of black dirt and, quite apart from the possibility of a coin as a spreader of disease, the journal thinks it is high time a better state of things prevailed. But who is to solve the problem?

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

EX-CONVICT'S CLAIM.

Sent to Penal Servitude for Receiving, He Seeks to Recover the Value of His Property.

Before Mr. Justice Phillimore and a jury yesterday the case of Kemp v. Williamson was heard. It was an action brought by William Kemp, described as a dealer in jewellery, residing at Park Villas, Park-road, Tooting, against Mr. Henry Williamson, wholesale jeweller, to recover £39 8s. 6d., the value of certain jewellery which was seized by the police at the plaintiff's residence at the time of his arrest. Defendant denied that the property belonged to the plaintiff.

Mr. Turrell, for plaintiff, said the action was really an appeal from the decision of a stipendiary magistrate, who had directed that the proceeds of the sale of certain jewellery should be handed to the defendant. In July, 1892, there was an extensive jewel robbery. A brougham, containing about £4,000 worth of jewellery, which was left outside a public-house in Westminster Bridge-road, disappeared. Plaintiff was in the habit of purchasing jewellery, etc., at auction sales. On September 19, 1892, plaintiff was arrested, and in his possession were found certain pawn-tickets and a gold watch.

A Curious Trade.

In all eight watches were traced to the possession of the plaintiff which had been stolen in the previous July. A man named Neale was also arrested, and he and the plaintiff were convicted and sent to penal servitude.

The plaintiff, called, stated his mode of dealing was to purchase unclaimed pledges, the articles again, and sell the tickets. He was arrested on September 19, 1892, and he had in his possession at the time a gold watch and chain which he had received from Neale, and which prosecutor identified as his property. There was another gold watch and five pawn-tickets relating to watches found at his house. These had been left by Neale, who wished him to purchase them.

Mr. Justice Phillimore asked for what offence the plaintiff was convicted, and was told that both the plaintiff and Neale were convicted of receiving. Plaintiff was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

Plaintiff, continuing, said he had been previously convicted. Besides the two gold watches and the five pawn-tickets other articles were taken by the police, but they were his own property. He came out of prison in 1901 on ticket-of-leave, which expired last October. In November he applied to the magistrate for the restoration of his property, which had been seized by the police. The magistrate directed that he should receive £30 11s. 6d., the balance of the money found in his possession, and that the proceeds of the jewellery, £499 odd, should be handed to the defendant.

Some Pertinent Questions.

Plaintiff, in cross-examination, said he purchased the movements of watches at auction sales.

Mr. Watson (for the defence): I believe five of them had been pawned by you?—No, not one. They were pawned by Neale.

But you unfortunately had the tickets upon you?—Yes.

The name of the maker and the number had been removed from some of the watches. That, I think, is technically called "christening"?—I did not christen any.

Was it said that in the case of nearly every watch in your possession the process of "christening" had been gone through?—Yes.

Who was Neale?—He was a bookmaker's clerk. I had only known him about six months before I was arrested.

Mr. George Thomas Smith, traveller in the employ of the defendant, stated that he was in charge of the brougham which disappeared; and that he believed the articles claimed formed part of the goods which were stolen from the brougham.

The jury found a verdict for defendant, and judgment was given accordingly, with costs.

LIVING BY HIS CONSCIENCE.

A man appealed to the magistrate at Tottenham yesterday for a vaccination exemption certificate for his child on the ground that vaccination would be prejudicial to his health.

The Magistrate: How long have you been learning the lesson to come here and repeat to the magistrates?

Applicant: Well, sir, I haven't learnt it at all. The Magistrate: We believe that you are merely going through a form of words.

Applicant: Before Almighty God, I swear that I have conscientious objection. Deep down my heart fails me. I live by my conscience.

The Magistrate: Do you get your living by it?

Applicant: No, but I like to think for myself. The application was granted.

PROTECTING ENGLISH CREDIT.

At the Dublin Commission yesterday Edward Boyd, alias Grainger, and Anthony Brown, his clerk, were found guilty of having fraudulently obtained machinery from various manufacturers.

It was shown that the system pursued was to get goods by means of false pretences and then sell them as second-hand goods before the date for their payment arrived.

The Chief Baron, in sentencing Grainger to three years' penal servitude and Brown to one year's imprisonment who had laboured, said it was of the utmost importance that credit with English manufacturers should not be weakened or destroyed.

A REQUEST THAT WAS GRANTED.

A woman aged seventy-six was charged at Brentford yesterday with being drunk.

The Chairman: What have you to say?

Prisoner: Nothing, only that I have been a teetotaler all my life.

The Chairman: You must pay a fine of half-a-crown.

Prisoner: Will you make it two-and-sixpence, if you please?

ACTOR AND HIS WIFE.

Allegations against the Former of Cruelty and "Studied Insults."

At Bow-street, Henry James Wingfield, of 2, South-square, Gray's Inn, was summoned for persistent cruelty to his wife, Marion Elizabeth. Mr. Goodman said the complainant, who was the daughter of a clergyman, was married to the defendant at a Cumberwell registry office in 1893. They were both members of the theatrical profession. Latterly they had both lived very unhappily owing to the defendant's infidelities, which his wife had frequently condoned.

Eventually, in July last, he left her and advertised his change of address in the "Era." A summons for desertion was taken out by Mrs. Wingfield, but before it was heard he agreed to resume cohabitation.

He treated her as a servant, and forbade her to have callers, while he himself took to the house actresses, who, in her presence, called him by his Christian name.

In December Mrs. Wingfield went on a short tour. Upon her return she taxed her husband with certain conduct and he struck her several times about the face and head. She has since remained at her sister's house in Kensington.

Since the issue of the present summons the defendant had written to his wife addressing her in her professional name of Marion de Rooze, which was a studied insult.

The complainant, a tall, stately woman, then went into the witness-box and gave evidence bearing out this statement.

In cross-examination she said her last engagement was as "Lady Isabel" in Mr. Wilson Barrett's company. Her husband had had no permanent engagement since last autumn. She denied that another man had supplanted her husband in her affections.

Mrs. Wingfield further denied that she had ever been under the influence of strong drink, and her husband had never complained of her drinking habits.

Mr. Wingfield went into the witness-box and gave an emphatic denial to the whole of the accusations made against him.

On the suggestion of the magistrate, the case was eventually adjourned with a view to a deed of mutual separation being drawn up.

INCOME-TAX-COLLECTOR-CIDE.

A Method Which the High Courts Do Not Encourage.

What shall we do with our income-tax collectors? This is always one of the most pressing questions of the early part of the year.

A solution of the problem was offered during the course of a common jury action tried by Mr. Justice Walton yesterday.

The plaintiff was Mr. James William Brown, an income-tax collector; the defendant was a Mr. Graham, who combines the professions of engineer and restaurant-keeper.

Mr. Graham lives in Lambeth, and when Mr. Brown called on him at his office about his 1902 assessment the engineer-restaurantier solved the problem propounded above in the following complicated manner, according to the subject of the experiment.

He sprang at the income-tax collector like a savage beast.

He smote the income-tax collector with his clenched fist violently on the left ear.

He tore the income-tax collector's coat.

He stunned the income-tax collector.

He applied his foot with great force to a certain portion of the income-tax collector.

He knocked the income-tax collector head over heels across a heap of scrap iron.

Even income-tax collectors have their feelings, and Mr. Brown complained very bitterly to the Court about Mr. Graham's solution. The part that he regretted most was the blow on the ear, which had impaired his hearing.

Mr. Graham in the witness-box repudiated his solution. He had not touched the income-tax collector, he declared.

Instead of bringing in a verdict of "a justifiable attempt at income-tax-collector-cide," as everybody expected, the jury awarded Mr. Brown £100 damages.

COURTING DEATH.

Archie Leahy, aged 22, a tailor living at 19, Eytogardens, Hammersmith, was charged on remand at West London Police Court yesterday with attempting suicide by shooting himself.

Mrs. Evelyn Davies, the wife of a clerk living at Shepherd's Bush, said she had known the defendant for some months as a friend of her husband's. On January 2 she met him in The Grove, Hammersmith, and he told her he was going away on board ship for two years.

She begged him not to go "for his people's sake," but he said something about being downhearted, and walked away. She called after him and he turned, drew out the revolver, and fired point blank at his forehead.

He fell to the ground and exclaimed "Oh, the pain; I wish I had done it properly. Give my love to mother."

The magistrate committed Leahy for trial.

SOLICITOR IN THE DOCK.

Frederick Emmett, aged forty-six, who had practised as a solicitor at the South-Western Police Court, was placed in the dock of that court, before Mr. Francis, yesterday, to answer the charge of being drunk and disorderly and assaulting Police-Constable Pearce.

The accused described himself as a gentleman, residing at 2, Shipka-road, Balham. It was stated that he had to be ejected from a tramcar in consequence of his drunken condition, and when at the police station, while the charge was being taken, had, it was alleged, struck the constable a swinging blow on the ear with his fist.

The accused offered no defence, and was fined £3, or one month's imprisonment in default.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Sergeant-Major's Widow Sent to Three Months' Hard Labour.

Matilda Stanley, a young widow, of No. 11, Knox-street, Marylebone, was brought up in custody before Mr. Curtis Bennett, at Marylebone, yesterday, to answer an adjourned summons for neglecting her son, aged three years.

Mr. Moreton Phillips, solicitor, prosecuted for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The story told was one of drunkenness and neglect, both of home and offspring, on the part of a woman of respectable circumstances in life, for whom almost everything possible had been done in order that she might be saved from anxiety and from the habit of which she was the victim.

It seemed that she was the widow of a sergeant-major in the Army, and first came under the notice of the prosecuting society about two years ago, when her husband was in hospital at Dover. She was then very much addicted to drink, and her three children (boys) were badly neglected; but out of respect and pity for her husband no proceedings were taken against her. In order, however, that she might be under some control the society assisted her to come to London to her sister's.

Shortly afterwards her husband died and she came into a sum of £100 and also a pension of £30 a year. A situation was then obtained for her and two of her sons were provided for. In the course of a comparatively short time, however, she again yielded to intemperance and squandered £50 in three months, and now had only £27 left out of the £100.

When, recently, an officer of the society called at her house he found the child locked in a room alone, with no food, no fire, and scarcely anything on, grimed and black with dirt, and pinched with hunger. The child had evidently been playing with some "light bulbs" where the fuses, which were scattered about the bed and floor.

The woman said she did not know that she had been "very cruel" to her children.

Mr. Curtis Bennett remarked that she had had the chances of ten thousand. Her conduct was perfectly disgraceful and shameful, and the least he could do was to sentence her to three months' hard labour.

TEA PLANTER DIVORCED.

A Compromising Letter which He Wished to be Torn Up.

In the Divorce Division yesterday the President had before him the undefended petition of Mrs. Mary Constance Nuthall for a divorce by reason of the desertion and misconduct of her husband, Mr. Arthur Frederick Nuthall, a tea planter in Assam.

On behalf of the petitioner, Mr. Deane, K.C., explained that the marriage took place in 1886 at Cheltenham, and there was one child, a boy. The desertion took place in 1896. In March of that year Mrs. Nuthall left Assam for this country, and it was arranged that later she should rejoin her husband, but he never provided a home for her.

Subsequently she ascertained that he was living with a native woman in Burmah, by whom he had two children. Counsel said that the respondent had arranged terms for the education and maintenance of the boy of the marriage.

In the course of the evidence of the petitioner she said that she received a letter from her husband showing that he had committed misconduct. In a further communication he wrote stating that he was sorry he had written the previous letter, "so please tear the letter up and think no more about it." In 1901 she heard that he had a son by a native woman, and then she took proceedings for a divorce.

Further evidence having been given, the President granted a decree nisi with costs, and custody of the child.

COURT OF FRIENDSHIP.

Mr. Justice Grantham Brings a Quarrel to a Happy Termination and Restores Brotherly Love.

The reconciliation between Francis and John will be long remembered in the Law Courts. It was one of those little touches of nature that remind us the legal world of the courts that even it is akin to the great world without.

Francis Bruce and John Bruce are brothers. For many years they have carried on a flourishing business in partnership in the Borough as purveyors of oil and lamps.

How it was that a rift first appeared in the happy Bruce Brothers' love has not been divulged. Certain it is, however, that some time ago Francis imagined that he had been spoken of in slighting terms behind his back by John. John imagined the very same thing about Francis. Each was under the delusion, it seems, that the other had made disparaging remarks about the way the books were kept.

The unfortunate result was an action for slander, and a counter-action for slander, that came before Mr. Justice Grantham and a common jury yesterday.

Although still partners in business—they had not even made an arrangement that Francis should sell the lamps and John the oil—the two brothers were palpably at unfraternal enmity when they took their seats in Court V.—Francis at one end of the solicitors' table, and John at the other end. No body had ever seen such moody, cross-looking oil and lamp merchants before.

Judge's Happy Inspiration.

Francis's counsel, Mr. Simon, had begun the recital of Francis's complaint when the face of Mr. Justice Grantham, who had been listening sorrowfully, suddenly brightened.

"It is too late," he said, "to shake hands!" Mr. Simon began an explanation, and Mr. Shearman, K.C., his opponent, began an explanation, too, but the Judge cut all explanations short.

"You be quiet, Mr. Shearman," he said, "and let me hear what the Judge has to say."

Then beamingly he extended to Francis and John a cordial invitation. "Come up into my room," he said, "and we will all shake hands together."

Francis and John were not proof against the geniality of this invitation. Up into the Judge's room they went. It was a very smiling Francis and a very joyful John who emerged some few minutes afterwards and again took their places. All signs of animosity had completely vanished from the countenance of each oil and lamp merchant. No more lubrication, ever shown as brightly as did their faces.

Mr. Justice Grantham looked thoroughly pleased, too, when he made the following announcement to the jury:—

"Gentlemen.—These two brothers have settled their differences. They have acted like men and brothers. Their trade would have been seriously damaged if their customers had known they were at loggerheads. Now I hope their customers will rally round them more than ever."

It was a last sentence that gave yet more polish to another candle power to Francis's and John's smiles. His lordship said:—

"If I lived in their neighbourhood I should need a barrel of oil from them myself."

After this Francis and John left the court very completely happy and united oil and lamp merchants.

Waterloo-road, despite extra police supervision, is still the scene of frequent and cowardly assaults. The Southwark magistrate, after hearing of the reputation yesterday, remarked that the case could not be taken too seriously. "Incredible" was the word used.

TREASURE-HUNTING IN COMFORT!

We do not ask you to go out and dig for our gold. You can conduct your "treasure-hunt" from your own fireside. All you have to do is to sit at home and peruse certain information given in ANSWERS. The rewards offered are enormous.

£1,000 in ONE PRIZE,

CASH DOWN. Many other Awards, including Radium.

SEE THIS WEEK'S

ANSWERS.

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

HUNT'S
LIQUID BLACKLEAD.

Removes Grease. Prevents Rust.

Brilliant Fixed Black Polish. Obtainable from all Grocers and Oilmen, 1d., 3d., and 6d. bottle. Sample 6d., post free, from Hunt, 28, Stokenchurch-street, Fulham.

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"VINOLIA"
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Sent on receipt of 1d. stamp
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MEN WHO HOLD THE DOGS OF WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

ALTAR-FRIGHT.

Traced Home to a Jawbreaking and Insidious Microbe.

Among the sensations of our youth the "Vanishing Lady" had a vogue rivaling that of the long "Pepper's Ghost." The "Vanishing Yegoroom" is a comparatively modern invention. Yesterday a Warton Benedict, having wooed and won his Beatrice, proceeded churchwards for the tying of the nuptial knot. In his eagerness for the moment which should make Beatrice his own, Benedict arrived at church full five minutes before the time. What passed through his soul during those five minutes no one knows. Did doubts as to his own worth, misgivings as to his own capability of living up to the requirements of the married state overcome him, or was it an acute fit of stage-fright which caused him at the psychological moment of the bride's appearance to bolt from the

ceeded bridegroom one cannot wonder at the manifestations which it leads to.

"No man enjoys feeling himself an arrant fool, yet on his wedding day what dashing bachelor feels otherwise?"

"There is the horror of the publicity, the fear of making some irreparable blunder during the service, the haunting terror lest the ring should be



GENERAL TERAUCHI.

The Japanese Minister of War. In the war with China the high efficiency of the office now under his control was a general theme of surprise by every European staff officer.

lost. Then, even if these rocks be safely passed, there are still breakers ahead. Think of the cake, the congratulations, the slippers, the shower of rice, and the natural sequels of damaged eyesight, battered hats, and, if the worst happened, frightened horses plunging and rearing to the imminent danger of the occupants of the hymeneal brougham.

"The ladies never bolt. The infinitely greater courage of a woman is strikingly proved by the fact that she goes through the nightmare of orange blossom and white favours with positive enjoyment."

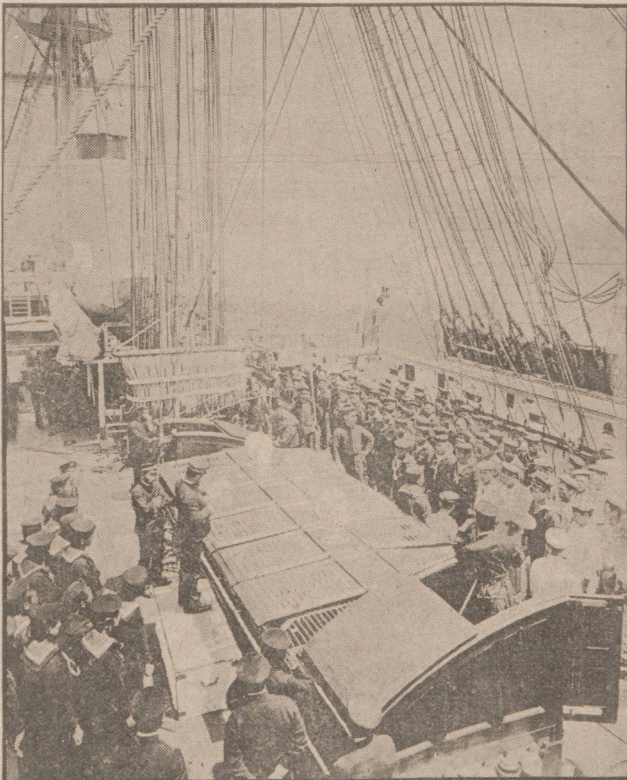
"The question of cure is a delicate one. I find that discretion is the more prudent part, but then my opportunities of witnessing the ravages wrought in healthy subjects by the anti-matrimonial microbe have been extensive and peculiar, and there is little chance of my voluntarily exposing myself to the risk of being compelled to break my plighted troth and leave the object of my tenderest affection at the very altar steps."

"I think a course of attendance at other people's weddings, if systematically and conscientiously carried out, might act as a sort of inoculation, and gradually harden the patient into a state of insusceptibility."

ANOTHER CONVICTION BY FINGER-MARKS.

A pork butcher in Vienna has been summoned because a purchaser had found a finger-stall in a sausage bought in his shop. He was sentenced to a week's imprisonment.

READING A PROCLAMATION ON A JAPANESE WARSHIP.



If war breaks out, the Mikado's proclamation will be read on every Japanese warship. It will be received with the greatest enthusiasm, as the Japanese have an immense reverence for their Mikado, and are confident their fleet will worthily fulfill the expectations of the country. The drill and discipline on board ship is founded on the English model.

(V. Gribayeff).

Arnold, of Brixton-road, said the injury was diagnosed as concussion of the brain, but later symptoms of fracture developed. The operation of trepanning was performed, but he died on

February 2. The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death. The funeral will take place at Highgate Cemetery to-day at 2.30.

ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF, THE 'RUSSIAN VICEROY.



This distinguished officer has been entrusted by the Tsar with unfettered power to declare war and open hostilities as circumstances may in his judgment demand. The whole world looks to him as the arbiter of peace or war.

THE JAPANESE WAR OFFICE.



This building is the equivalent of our Pall Mall headquarters. Work has been going on there continuously for months past, in anticipation of a conflict which the generals there consider inevitable.

INQUEST ON MR. DOUGLAS COX.

The inquest on the body of Mr. Douglas Cox (61), lately residing at Cranworth-gardens, Brixton, and the manager of the Alhambra, Leicester-square, was held yesterday by Mr. G. T. Wyatt, at Camberwell.

Harry Dunsie, an omnibus driver, gave evidence that Mr. Cox occupied a box seat on his 'bus on January 1, and about 11.30 p.m., when passing Vassal-road, without any warning fell off his seat to the ground. He was perfectly sober, and appeared in good health at the time. Dr.

The sort of candidates for matrimonial honours now of late been increasingly frequent. An interloper with a bachelor who has successfully withstood temptations to change his state of life has been the subject. "I have had the privilege," he said, "of assisting in the marriage ceremony some forty and odd times in the capacity of best man, and in nine instances of acute suffering from the microbe known to medical men as staphylococcus misogyne. It is a species of stage fright. When one considers the perils that lurk in wait for an inexperienced bridegroom one cannot wonder at the manifestations which it leads to."

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT at 9.
JOSEPH KENTON. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Rehearsal at 8.20 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
KINGLY EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.20.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
KINGLY EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
MONSIEUR BEAUCARRE.
6 Performances. Last 6 Performances.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
KINGLY EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
TO THURSDAY NEXT and EVERY EVENING.
A version of Victor Hugo's "Ray Blas," entitled,
"A STUDENT'S ROMANCE,"
by John Davidson.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.10.
KINGLY EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.10.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
WILL appear EVERY EVENING at 8.20, in
"OLD HEIDELBERG."
KINGLY EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

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velope. It is imperative that all manuscripts
should be accompanied by the writer's name and address written
in full, and that the writer should state in the letter that he
wishes his contribution to be published.

THE NEGLECTED PIANO.

REASONS WHY IT IS NOT NECESSARY
HOW TO INCLUDE MUSIC AMONG
A WOMAN'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A woman's decreasing interest in music
is due to sport, club life, the superior
pleasures of skirt-dancing, drawing-room
tricks, and other parlour tricks, the cine-
matograph and phonograph, the boom in
the "go-go" and the mechanical piano.
No woman of to-day begins with the piano.
She begins with the woman of a generation
ago, who had to make a living had one single
accomplishment—teaching. Music was one of the
essentials to this. To-day everything is open to her except
teaching and sailing—and the Bar! There
are no inspectors of slaughter-houses, and
no inspectors of auctioneers, bill dis-
counters, and palmists, besides follow-
ing the "fancy religion" of the day was in-
volved in a woman. I played billiards the
night at a ladies' club, and the marker
was a woman—and remarkably good-looking.
For all these music is unnecessary.
The girl of to-day is permitted to
smoke, and can talk. Thirty years
ago a girl in the conversation, she was
ground out—diligently and with tears—some
years of uncomplaining labour.
Dr. Johnson defined music—but
it was better than silence.

Wagner's Cause.
This girl has lost his husband-catching value.
She has more in common with men;
she is allowed to gain more
knowledge of the world. She enters society
with attractive qualities than the power
of "pieces" at will.
For the best she will have other things to
contribute besides playing for them.
She cannot be whistled or, as a rule,
induced to play, even with the worst in-
terests in the world. You cannot turn the
third act of "Lohengrin"
Wagner, in fact, is largely re-
garded as the pianist and vocalist.
This also is the age of show-off, when every-

The Daily
Illustrated Mirror.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS

The Law as Peacemaker.

Many hard things have been said about Mr.
Justice Grantham, and, as a rule, he has de-
served them. But yesterday he took a course
in court which merits warm praise, and which
might well be followed by other judges on the
Bench. Two brothers were engaged in an
action. One sued the other for slandering
him. There had been some quarrel over
business, and the lack of some sensible third
person to bring them together had led to the
matter getting into lawyers' hands.

Now, when this happens the result invari-
ably is that the fat (to put the matter in
street language) gets further into the fire.
The prosperity of lawyers depends upon a
brisk supply of actions at law; and, naturally,
they do not consider it their business to act
as peacemakers. But, fortunately, Mr. Justice
Grantham did. He called the brothers into
his private room, played the part of the "sen-
sible third person," and was soon able to
announce that they had shaken hands, con-
vinced of each other's good faith.

It is a pity more cases cannot be settled in
this way before they get into court. By the
time they come before a judge the unfortunate
suits have each had to spend a good deal of
money. Why should there not be some
system by which persons who wanted to
appeal to the Law, could go before an official
and explain their cases themselves without the
intervention of any professional lawyer? The
official, if he were a shrewd student of human
nature, as well as of law, could easily decide
whether the points raised were such as ought
to be taken before the courts. If they were
not, he could warn the intending litigant that
he would probably lose his time and his
money; and even if they were, he could very
often effect a settlement in Mr. Justice
Grantham's way.

Thus the expenses of administering the law

would be reduced, and every aggrieved person
could feel that there was a court open to him
in which he could appear personally without
any outlay of money, instead of knowing that
justice is in many instances out of the reach
of the man of small means. We have asked
why some such system cannot be established.
Alas! the reply is obvious. It pays the legal
profession much better to keep things as they
are, and the influence of the legal profession
in Parliament is very strong indeed.

No reform of our methods of administering
justice is possible until an alliance of all other
interests in the House of Commons is
formed to combat and defeat legal interests,
and that will never happen until the country
shows clearly that it wants reform. At
present the only proposals made when delay
in the courts is complained of, are that more
judges should be appointed. What we want
is not more judges, but fewer actions for them
to try.

BREAKFAST
TABLE TALK.

A Brentford hawk charged with cruelty to
an emaciated horse said that the animal was
fit, but suffered from corns. In the plural,
he it noted, not the singular.

A violent scene in the Spanish Parliament
was only terminated after the President had
broken four bells in his efforts to restore
order. There appears to be a great future for
the motor horn or the steam syren in Con-
tinental legislative assemblies.

"In Japan," says a contemporary, "the nose
is the only feature that attracts attention." A
big nose is a great beauty, it seems, and that
is, doubtless, the reason why the Japanese are
so eager to beautify the personal appearance
of Russia by means of a blow straight from
the shoulder.

A Free Fooder and a Fair Trader were dis-
cussing the Liberal Unionist split: "What-
ever happens," said the first, "the Duke will
always remember that he is a Cavendish."
"Yes," retorted the other, "but he's 'cut
Cavendish' now, and you can put that in your
pipe and smoke it."

It is announced that a band will play selec-
tions before the commencement of the Duke
of Devonshire's meeting at the Guildhall.

"The Garden of Sleep" and "Let Me Dream
Again" are to be included in the programme,
which will conclude with "Not for Joe."
Selections from "The Orchid" are specially
barred.

A Scotch poacher charged at Kirkcaldy
quoted from the story of Noah's Ark to show
that poaching was legal. He was informed
that his legal knowledge was not up-to-date—
an Act on the subject having since been added
to the Statute book. Apart from this, it has
generally been understood that all the animals
in the Ark were strictly preserved.

A ladies' paper warns the young men not
to think that because a girl blushes at his
approach, she is necessarily in love with him.
Blushing may be due to one of a variety of
reasons.

When you see a maiden blush—
Seemingly in sweet confusion—
Do not, gentle reader, rush
To a hasty, rash conclusion.
She may long to flee away,
'Ere you put the fateful question;
Or, again, the symptoms may
Merely point to indigestion.

Lashes on a rounded cheek,
Downcast glances shy, alluring,
Often prompt a man to speak
Of the pain he is enduring.
But, although his peace be wrecked
By a passion great and deep, he
Still should try to recollect
She may feel extremely sleepy.

If her bosom heaves and falls,
Let it not produce elation:
Such a symptom but recalls
Treatises on palpitation.
Yet, if all these things occur—
Ev'ry time you come nigh her—
Though you may be sought to hear—
It might be as well to try her.

A Munich man, after visiting several beer-
gardens, has fallen into a trance, from which
he partially rouses each day to drink more
beer. Evidently a man may get "forrader"
on Munich beer than has hitherto been sup-
posed possible, and the beer-garden proprie-
tors are already quarrelling about which is
entitled to the testimonial when the sleeper
wakes.

Another story illustrating the child's point
of view: The son and heir, aged three, was
forced to carry his handkerchief in his waist-
band from lack of pockets. The other day,
seeing his father dressing for dinner, he
watched with much interest the operation of
tucking a handkerchief into the shirtcuff.
Then he inquired with the artless egotism of
childhood: Daddy, do you do that so as to
be like me?

MANCHURIA IN WINTER.

Terrible Cold and Whirlwinds of Dust,
but Towns "Buzzing with Life."

The special correspondent of the St. Petersburg
"Novoye Vremya," who has just reached Port
Arthur, telegraphs (says Reuter) an interesting
description of his journey.
The conditions of winter travelling in Manchuria
he, says, awful, the cold being terrible. There
is little snow, but whirlwinds of dust sweep across
the yellow, treeless wastes. At the stations are
crowds of wrinkled, filthy Chinamen, among whom
the staid Russian frontier guards, clothed in
sheepskin shapkas, stood out like young oaks.
He found the city of Harbin extending over an
area as large as St. Petersburg and humming with
life. He had expected to find busy preparations
for war at Port Arthur, but there was no feverish
energy, nor loud talk, nor hurried movement.
"Stagnant Russia" was attending to her
Sovereign's work in calm confidence.
The telegram continues: "If there is war, the
United States will be the gainer. The Japanese
will be food for powder, and over their prostrate
bodies America will secure a foothold on the
Asiatic Continent. Eventually her millionaires will
get the Chinese Viceroy under their thumb,
American machinery will convert Asia into a
factory which will swamp the West with the pro-
ducts of Chinese cheap labour, exclude Europe
from the Pacific and leave her a prey to the vam-
pire of Socialism."

TRAFFIC PROBLEMS.

Double-decked Roads and Suspended
Railways Suggested.

Yesterday the London Traffic Commission again
met at Westminster Palace Hotel. Mr. C. S.
Meik, M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E., gave evidence pre-
pared in conjunction with Mr. W. Beer, C.E. He
thought that two great main avenues should be
made—one from Enfield to Croydon, crossing the
Thames between Blackfriars and Waterloo
Bridges; and the other from Hounslow to Barking.
These roads would meet between King's Cross-
road and Rosebery-avenue.

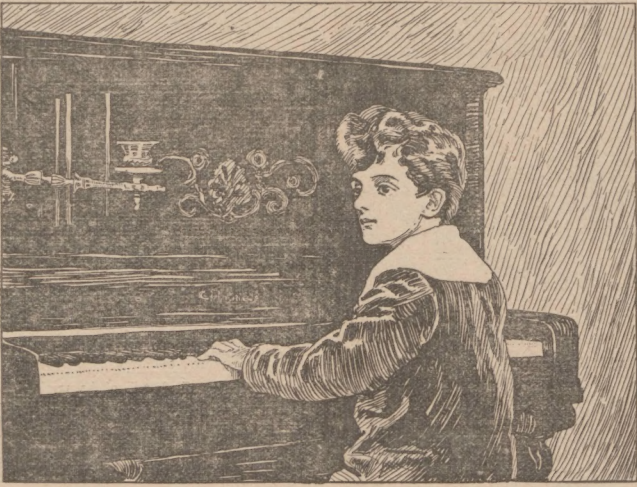
Within the four-mile radius he suggested the
avenues should be "double-decked," the upper
road to be reserved for motors and other fast
traffic.

Double-decked embankments were also pro-
posed by this witness, the lower to be used for
wharves and the upper for ordinary traffic.

The cost of the two main avenues was estimated
at 71 millions, but this, it was explained, would
be reduced to 21 millions by the sale of surplus
lands. The scheme would include a system of sus-
pended railways and ordinary tramways, the re-
venue from which was put at £1,624,750, sufficient
to cover the interest and repayment of capital.

Yesterday was observed as a day of thanksgiving
at Sydney for the cessation of the drought and
for the abundant harvest.

MAX DAREWSKI, THE CHILD CONDUCTOR.



This little boy goes down to Bournemouth to-morrow to conduct a waltz of his own
composition at Dan Godfrey's benefit concert.

play anything anywhere for a shilling. We
become critical and refuse to put up with
the clumsy amateur.
We pay others to do our music for us, as
the Chinaman pays an employee to take ex-
ercise for him. Yet music is infinitely more
enjoyable heard from an easy chair in a
drawing-room than from the uncomfortable
bench of a draughty concert-hall.
No doubt the mechanical player has hit
the professional pianist as the photographer
has hit the artist. It cannot accompany, of
course, but it is no more soulless than many
a human player. It never requires pressing
or wants to play when no one wants to hear
it. It is never out of practice, never de-

suffered a good deal from the rage for sport.
Golf injures the delicacy of the touch. Hockey
hardly improves the voice. Ten hours' bridge
per diem leaves little time for the fine arts,
and destroys that loftiness of soul essential to
the true musician. Croquet deadens the moral
sense. But every other art has suffered simi-
larly—painting, elocution, and the making of
samplers.
Finally, the average man suspects the musi-
cal girl of either wanting to show off or of
being an enthusiast—in which case she is as
great a bore as if she went in for science, phi-
lanthropy, or some other fad of that kind.
HILL ROWAN.

THAMES VALLEY FLOODED STILL—SCENES OF WASTE AND SADNESS.

The story of the floods]

CHILDREN'S COFFINS GO TO THE GRAVE ON PUNTS.

[is told on page 11



At Thames Ditton two little children died during the flood, and when the funeral day came the hearse could not be driven up to the doors of the houses owing to the depth of the water, so the two tiny white coffins were placed pathetically upon punts and poled for half a mile to where the hearse stood upon the nearest dry road.

[Photo by Robert Shield.]

TWO BEAUTIFUL GIFTS.

Presents From Admirers of the Duke of Norfolk.

Among the many handsome presents to be given to the Duke of Norfolk and his future Duchess on the occasion of their approaching marriage there are two which stand alone on account of their conspicuous beauty and character.

The first is to be the gift of the citizens of Sheffield, of which city the Duke has been Lord

will be sent to the bride prior to the wedding. The formal presentation, together with an address and a list of subscribers, will take place later, when the Duke and Duchess visit Sheffield.

A second present of great interest is a massive silver-gilt salver, which is to form the gift from the officers of the 2nd Battalion of the Sussex Volunteers. The salver is beautifully engraved, is surrounded by a most elaborately designed border consisting of animals, fruits, and flowers, and is engraved with the names of the donors.

Both necklace and salver were made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Regent-street, W.

BY BOAT TO THEIR HOTEL.



The only way to a hotel on the banks of the river at Thames Ditton is by boat, and visitors have to make the best of the uncomfortable journey. Boatmen who know the trend of the road and where the dangerous hedges lie, which do not show above the water, are in great demand.

[Photo by]

[Robert Shield.]

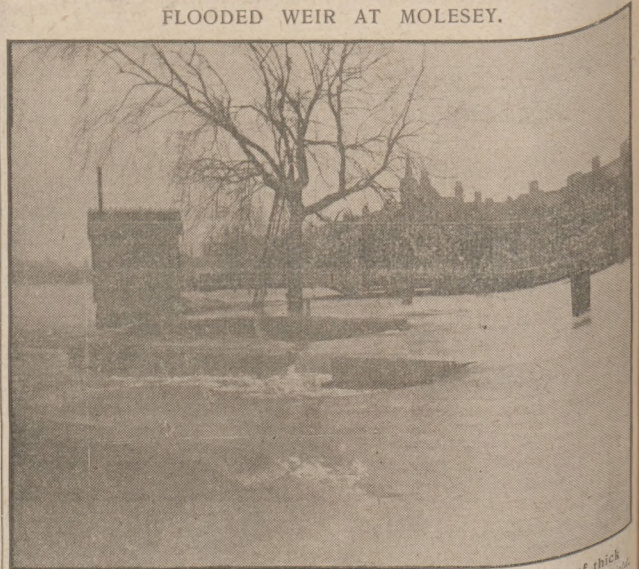
Mayor. It has been subscribed for by the citizens, and consists of a most beautiful diamond necklace, which is to be presented to the future Duchess.

The necklace is made up of forty-six diamonds, weighing 61 carats, the stones being of a perfect steel blue colour, and of the finest kind. Some idea of the size may be gained from the fact that the smallest stones are about 1/16 in. in size, and that they are graduated to the largest centre diamond, which measures quite 1/16 in. across. The necklace has only just been chosen from a number of others by a committee appointed for that purpose, and it

MORE FISH FOR THE ANGLER.

Angling on the Thames has its charms and, of course, its disappointments. Those who hold that they have had more than their share of the latter will be pleased to hear that the Thames Trout Association is placing 200 trout in the Chertsey district, while a member of the committee has given 500 rudd to the society for distribution in its waters. Illegal netting is to be sternly dealt with, and a number of anglers are to serve as assistant river keepers.

FLOODED WEIR AT MOLESEY.



Molesey Weir, in the Thames Valley, is almost under water, and the mass of thick and rushing flood is shrieking and slashing fiercely over the rollers.

[Photo by]

[Robert Shield.]

IN MEMORY OF A COLLISION.

A telegram from Corfu tells of the unveiling of an obelisk erected there to the memory of the victims of the collision between H.M. cruiser Pioneer and H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer Orwell, on the night of January 30, 1903, in the Souther Channel. The ceremony was performed by Rear Admiral des Voeux Hamilton before a good number of officers and some 250 seamen and marines. The chaplain of the flagship read a memorial service, and the Admiral made a speech recalling the sad event which the monument was to commemorate and paying a tribute to the dead.

BIRDS ENJOY THE WEATHER.

Not only are we enjoying a spell of what the Londoner describes as "fine weather for ducks," but the mild state of the atmosphere is also a source of joy to some of the song-birds which frequent the parks, gardens, and shrubberies of the metropolis.

The thrush, the hedge-sparrow, the wren, the starling, and the robin may be heard daily in the London parks; the wood-pigeons are beginning to pair, and, judging from the repeated visits thrushes, blackbirds, and starlings are paying to last year's nesting haunts, these birds too are thinking about setting up an establishment.



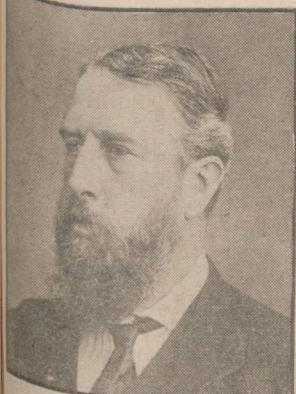
THE LATE MR. BEN. PICKARD, M.P. He was the son of a miner and forced his way up to the position of member of Parliament from working as a pit laddie.

[Photo by]

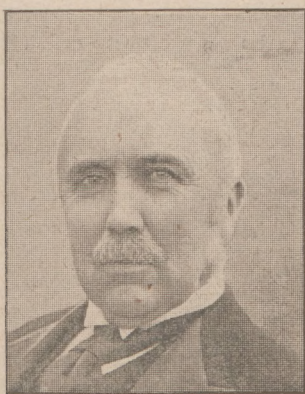
[Robert Shield.]

THE GREAT FREE TRADE HARMONY DINNER TO-NIGHT.

WILL THESE THREE STATESMEN JOIN THE FREE TRADE TRUST?



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
His Grace may retire from the Liberal Unionist Association ranks, and from co-operation with Mr. Chamberlain. He will now, they hope, fall in with the Free Traders.
Photo by Russell & Sons.



RT. HON. SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.
H. C. B. has been the Leader of the Radical Party in the House of Commons. Will he now be the leader of the Free Traders if Lord Rosebery and the Duke of Devonshire come in?
Photo by Russell & Sons.



LORD ROSEBERY.
He has for a long time been ploughing a lonely furrow, but he may by to-morrow be pledged to throw in his lot with the Wimborne coalition.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

WIMBORNE HOUSE.

The Scene of This Evening's Gathering.

Wimborne House, one of the most noticeable mansions in Arlington-street, has been the scene of many political meetings. The house, known successively as Beaumont House, Hamilton House, and Wimborne House, has both benefited and suffered from improvements made by its various owners. In the centre of the building is a great conservatory or winter-garden. On the right of the conservatory is the principal reception-rooms opening out into a ballroom, which, with its lofty ceiling, domed and supported by coupled Corinthian pilasters, presents a magnificent appearance. The whole of the ground floor is in cream and gold. Mrs. Jones is responsible for the wonderful painted and painted ceiling in the red drawing-room, said to be the second most beautiful Italian ceiling in Europe. Lord Wimborne is a great

admirer of the Italian fresco, and his house was the first in London into which Lailla introduced the style.

The three drawing-rooms and Lady Wimborne's boudoir look out upon the Green Park.

The furniture in the house is quite equal to its setting, and it has been said that every piece is an unexampled specimen of its particular style and period. Certainly no other of London's palaces contains so many treasures.

Wimborne House owes its magnificence and wealth of detail to Lord Wimborne, who often spends hours deciding the right shades in silk for chair coverings, or the exact moulding for a panel decoration. Lady Wimborne is far happier out of doors than within, and the garden and flowers are her chief hobby as far as her surroundings are concerned. She is a wonderful housekeeper, and overlooks every detail of her establishment herself, and the dinner and reception to-night, from the smallest item on the menu to the setting of a flower-vase, will be arranged by her.

Her ladyship has long taken an interest in the world of politics, and it is, therefore, quite fitting that Wimborne House should be the rendezvous of the free trade dinner this evening.

POLITICAL MATCH.

Following the settlement of the lawsuit between the nieces and widow of the late Mr. Hanbury, Minister of Agriculture and a member of the Cabinet, comes the announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Hanbury to Mr. V. H. Bowring.

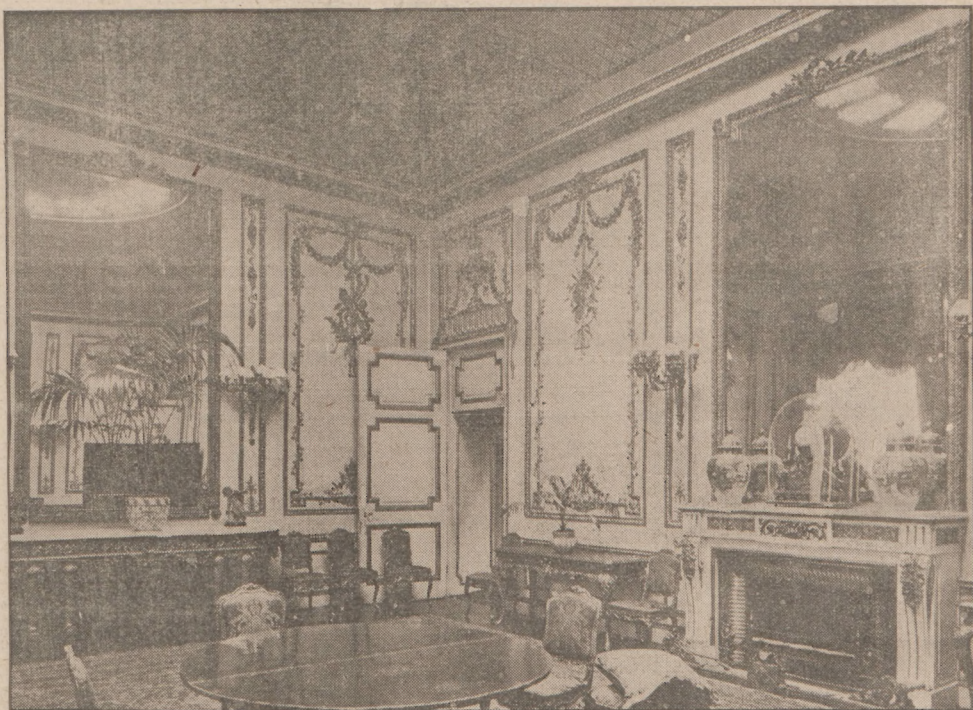
The decision of the Court of Appeal gives Mrs. Hanbury an absolute right to the property of her late husband, which was entered for probate of



LADY WIMBORNE.
This gracious hostess will preside over the Free Trade dinner to-night which may have such great political results.
Photo by Laiff.

the gross value of £204,260, with net personality £104,687. The prospective bridegroom is a son of the former Liberal member for Exeter.

WHERE THE HARMONY DINERS WILL DINE.



In the Banquet Hall at Wimborne House, 22, Arlington-street, where Lord and Lady Wimborne will this evening entertain the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Spencer, Mr. John Morley, and all the prominent free traders. The banquet is to be the inauguration of a "pull all together" against Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his policy of protection.

LADY WIMBORNE'S BOUDOIR.



The hostess has a delightful boudoir in the Arlington-street house, where much of the feminine side of the political situation is discussed.

LORD WIMBORNE ON HIS MOTOR.



The host of Wimborne House is an enthusiastic motorist. This is a portrait of him in his favourite car.

ST. AMANT, FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY.

A Much-improved Colt, He Yesterday Resumed, on Newmarket Heath, His Preparation for the Classic Events of 1904.

TREACHERY

Proves Quite Trustworthy at Newmarket.

That beautiful animal Caravel accepts for both the Lincoln Handicap and Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park. S. Darling made a mistake over Ravensdale at Lincoln, and will hardly place reliance in Caravel, a daughter of Pioneer, whose offspring so rarely fulfil early promise.

Beckhampton may, I am told, do better with Roseate Dawn as the season goes on. He is believed to have great speed, and if stopped by the mud at Ascot, won some races last season in fast time.

Sir John Willoughby, at one time an officer in the "Blues," and whose impending marriage is announced, will be famous for all time as the owner of Harvester, a moderate horse, who had the good fortune to run a dead-heat with St. Gatien in the Derby of 1884. That success was not, however, so well received by his proprietor, for he ran two in the Epsom race, and backed one to win a considerable sum. That animal, Queen Adelaide, could only finish third. Sir John soon tired of the racecourse after that eventful day at Epsom, and enjoys the reputation of having acquired and parted with a stud of racehorses in the fastest time on record.

It is gratifying to know that there is continued improvement in the health of that popular sportsman Lord Alington.

Hurst and Dewhurst.

Continuity to the River Thames is rarely detrimental to the interests of Hurst Park, where we shall enjoy racing this afternoon. Floods are not often encountered, and many years have passed since fog caused postponement. There is no chance of the riverside meeting being deterred by river water this afternoon.

Captain Dewhurst's visit to Newmarket from Ireland has been at length attended with distinctive success, and will have the effect of encouraging other trainers of jumpers to migrate to the vicinity of the famous Cambridgeshire Heath. Yesterday it rained at Newmarket between nine and ten in the morning, without continuing, and during the afternoon brief glimpses of sunshine were obtained. High winds prevailed, and dried the steeplechase track to a surprising extent.

Drumree has not been long in training with J. Cannon, having spent some time at Eaton, and was in no condition for jumping, so remained away from the field for the Newmarket Military Steeplechase. With Band of Hope ready to start, most owners deemed it inexpedient to oppose Captain Dewhurst's charge. Captain Tudor, however, brought out his Australian jumper, Redeemer, who had won some valuable races at the Antipodes, and is evidently to do likewise in this country.

Form To Be Redeemed.

Little was known of the visitor, and odds of 6 to 1 were laid on Band of Hope, who had little advantage at any point, but Redeemer slipped in the soft ground, and this cost Captain Tudor the race. He nevertheless persevered, and Cowley, riding his hardest, gained the verdict by a length, to the intense relief of those who had laid long odds on Captain Dewhurst's charge, whose prospects of winning the Grand National were not enhanced by yesterday's display.

Captain Michael Hughes and Captain Tudor were in Africa together during the war, and used to spend their spare time in riding matches against one another. There is not much doubt that Redeemer is the one to back the next time he meets Band of Hope.

McKenna is a good judge of jumpers, and made up his mind La Layette would win the Ditch Hurdle Race. His son rode, and when De Kaap and La Layette fought a hard battle from the last hurdle, the trainer of Mr. Napier's representative kept shouting, "Come on, you beauty!" to which the "beauty" responded in satisfactory style.

Treachery was relied upon in the Banstead Hurdle Race (for which Galloping Helen proved a failure) and won after a close finish with Kingsford, whose penalty just gave the race to Driscoll.

A Blow by Knobstick.

Lyndon Green did better than on Wednesday, but the favourite, Knobstick, ran his race in snatches, and blundered at the final obstacle; so Mopish won with ease.

Ruy Lopez, who is an acceptor for the Great Metropolitan, won the Park Hurdle Race anyhow, and was cheaply retained at eighty-five guineas.

Captain Dewhurst and Pat Cowley were associated with their third winner of the day when Curraghmore fulfilled the anticipation of our Newmarket correspondent in the Cambridgeshire Steeplechase, where Boccaccio fell at the first fence, Denver II. at the fence out of the straight, Raymond a mile from home, and Zeerust at the next fence. Titus II. never looked like winning, and pulled up leg-weary, so Mr. Schwabe's jumper had matters to himself.

Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, has thoroughly recovered from the severe cold contracted on his return from Monte Carlo, where he recently spent

a holiday in company with Fred Webb, trainer of Bursas.

Ebbisleet will not run for the Maiden Hurdle Race at Hurst Park this afternoon.

FANCIES FOR TO-DAY.

HURST PARK.

- 2. 0.—Selling Steeplechase.—ADANSI.*
- 2.30.—Esher Hurdle.—COLOURLESS.
- 3. 0.—February Steeplechase.—FLY LEAF.
- 3.30.—Teddington Hurdle.—RAINFALL.
- 4. 0.—Maiden Hurdle.—THE AWAKENING.
- 4.30.—Open Steeplechase.—CARRIER PIGEON.
- THE ARROW.

RACING RETURNS.

NEWMARKET.—THURSDAY.

1.20.—THE DITCH SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 40 sovs. Two miles.
Mr. W. J. Napier's LA LAYETTE, 4yrs, 11st 5lb. McKenna 1
Mr. C. F. T. H. Chapman's DE KAAP, 4yrs, 11st 4lb. Butchers 2
Mr. T. J. Longworth's ANGELET, 4yrs, 11st 9lb. Mr. Hastings 3
Also ran: Somerled (5yrs, 12st 11lb, Fillippen (5yrs, 11st 11lb, Woolashill (5yrs, 11st 10lb, Whitebine (5yrs, 11st 7lb, Hutton (5yrs, 11st 5lb, M.G. (5yrs, 11st 2lb).
(Winner trained privately.)
Betting: 2 to 1 agst De Kaap, 4 to 1 M.G., 6 to 1 each Somerled and Woolashill, 7 to 1 each Angelt and La Layette, and 10 to 1 each others.
Won by half a length, a bad third.

1.50.—THE NEWMARKET MILITARY STEEPLCHASE of 60 sovs. Three miles.
Capt. M. Hughes's HAND OF HOPE, aged, 12st 2lb. Cowley 1
Capt. Tudor's REDEEMER, aged, 10st 11lb. ...Owner 2
(Winner trained by Dewhurst.)
Betting: 6 to 1 on Band of Hope.
Won by a length.

2.20.—THE BANSTEAD HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs. Two miles.
Mr. W. Westgate's TREACHERY, 5yrs, 10st 11lb, Driscoll 1
Mr. A. B. Worthington's KINGSFORD, 5yrs, 10st 11lb, Box 2
Mr. W. Perry's GALLOPING HELEN, 5yrs, 11st 7lb. G. Moran 3
Also ran: Remp (5yrs, 10st 10lb, West Mersea (5yrs, 10st 5lb, Ravensburgh (aged, 10st 4lb, La Valérie (5yrs, 10st 2lb).
(Winner trained privately.)
Betting: 5 to 4 agst Galloping Helen, 4 to 1 La Valérie, 9 to 2 West Mersea, 6 to 1 Treachery, 8 to 1 Kingsford, and 10 to 1 each others.
Won by a head; six lengths between second and third.

2.50.—THE DULLINGHAM SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLCHASE of 40 sovs. Two miles.
Mr. White-Heather's MOPISH, aged, 11st 10lb. Dean 1
Mr. F. Bishop's LYNDON GREEN, 6yrs, 12st 7lb, Mason 2
Mr. A. D. H. Law's OBILLON, 4yrs, 10st 12lb. W. Morgan 3
Also ran: Knobstick (5yrs, 12st 5lb), Hughtail, A, 12st 11lb, Jack Pot (s, 12st), Quiff (5yrs, 11st 6lb), Gradification (5yrs, 11st 5lb).
(Winner trained privately.)
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Knobstick, 5 to 1 Mopish, 7 to 2 Lyndon Green, and 10 to 1 each others.
Won by a length; five lengths between second and third.

3.20.—THE PARK HURDLE RACE of 40 sovs. Two miles.
Rear-Admiral Lambton's RUY LOPEZ, 4yrs, 10st 10lb. J. P. 1
Mr. R. S. Rowsewell's CHELSEA BOB, 4yrs, 10st 5lb. J. P. 2
J. P. 2

Capt. M. Hughes's WISE ROSIE, 5yrs, 11st 6lb. Mr. Gordon 3
Also ran: Economist (4yrs, 10st 10lb).
Betting: 9 to 4 on Wise Rosie, 5 to 2 agst Wise Rosie, 5 to 1 Chelsea Bob, and 50 to 1 Economist.
Won by four lengths; a bad third.

3.50.—THE CAMBRIDGE HANDICAP STEEPLCHASE of 60 sovs. Two miles.
Mr. A. J. Schwabe's CURRAGEMORE, 5yrs, 10st 7lb. Cowley 1
Mr. A. Hastings's TITUS II, aged, 12st 11lb. ...Owner 2
Mr. F. Watkins's FALSE STITCH, aged, 10st 11lb. Capt. Parker 3
Also ran: Raymond (aged, 11st 3lb), Denver II, (5yrs, 10st 4lb), Zeerust (5yrs, 10st 5lb), Boccaccio (4yrs, 10st 11lb).
(Winner trained by Dewhurst.)
Betting: 11 to 8 on TITUS II, 6 to 1 each agst Denver II, and False Stitch, 7 to 1 each Curraghmore and Zeerust, and 20 to 1 each others.
Won by twenty lengths; a bad third.

MALTON MEETING.

YESTERDAY'S WINNERS.

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Hallow Hill Plate (3)	Yonikale	Mr. J. S. Bell	5 to 2
Malton Chase (7)	Druidical	J. Burgess	10 to 1
Pittwater Hill (11)	Cleopatra	Mr. J. Sharpe	10 to 1
Hitchfield Chase (7)	Honesty	J. E. Jones	10 to 1
Dorwent Hild (7)	Restored	Mr. H. Sidney	6 to 1
Yorkshire Chase (7)	Holoscope	J. E. Jones	10 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

HURST PARK MEETING.

2.0.—THE OVERNIGHT SELLING STEEPLCHASE of 100 sovs. Two miles.
aBilly George 13 0
aAdams 12 0
aPartridge 12 0
aBester 12 0

2.30.—THE ESHER HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs. Two miles.
aBly George 13 0
aAdams 12 0
aPartridge 12 0
aBester 12 0

3.0.—THE FEBRUARY HANDICAP STEEPLCHASE of 200 sovs. Two miles.
Sweetheart III. 13 7
Bell Sound 12 6
Dearsleyer 12 6
Balsaroch 12 6
May King 12 6
Sham Abo 12 6
Dettough 12 6
Chinchilla II 12 6
Biology 12 6
Strategy 12 6
Comit 12 6
Amethyst 12 6
aPomfret 12 6
aBakersfield 12 6
aCenturus 12 6
aMorning Dew 12 6

3.30.—THE TEDDINGTON SELLING HURDLE of 100 sovs. Two miles.
aPomfret 12 6
aBakersfield 12 6
aCenturus 12 6
aMorning Dew 12 6

4.0.—A MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs. Two miles.
Candelaria 11 7
Faulstich 11 7
Mansueto 11 7
Pollison 11 7
Winkers 11 7
Intaglio 11 7
Wise Rosie 11 7
St. Hubert 11 7
Sightriff 11 7
Loch Leven 11 7
Drochar 11 7
The Awakening 11 7

4.30.—THE OPEN STEEPLCHASE of 100 sovs. Two miles.
Expert II 11 7
Matthew 11 7
Fairland 11 7
Chandun 11 7
Iniquator 11 7
Violeta 11 7
Shannon 11 7
Band of Hope 11 7
Carrier Pigeon 11 7
The Actuary 11 7
Dislayer 11 7
Hidden Love 11 7

FORM IN A FILBERT.

FEBRUARY HANDICAP STEEPLCHASE

SWEETHEART III. won the Castle Steeplechase (2m) at Windsor, Jan. 5, 1904, carrying 11st 6lb. Titus II. is to-day receiving 5lb from Sweetheart III. Ballymore won with 12st 7lb, and Monotype (11st 11lb) failed. Also ran the January Steeplechase (2m) at Kempton, Jan. 2, 1904, day with 12st 7lb, and Ballymore won. Ballymore won and Chinchilla II. (12st 5lb) running nose to nose.

BALSAROCK finished first in the Esher Handicap (2m) at Gatwick, Dec. 1903, carrying 11st 11lb. Titus II. won the Newmarket Steeplechase (2m, Dec. 2, 1903. He then carried only 11lb less than a allotted weight.

SHAUN ABOO ran second to Perfidus at Windsor last month, with 11st 6lb up; Icon, with 11st 6lb, being fourth, and Monotype (11st 11lb) nowhere. To-day Shaun Abo is to concede Monotype 5lb and Icon 10lb.

SNOWDEN won the New Year's Steeplechase (2m) at Lingfield, Jan. 1, 1904, and fell in the Woking Handicap, and along with David Harum, he was the best of the lot from Snowden, ran nowhere to Band of Hope at Teddington last Friday.

STRATEGY won the Stewards' Steeplechase (2m) at Kempton Park last December. Amethyst finished, Jan. 1, 1904. She then carried 12lb more carrying 11st 6lb, while to-day she will have 11st 10lb.

AMETHYST, carrying 10st 7lb, won the Maiden Steeplechase (2m) at Hurst Park on January 1st, 1904. She then carried 12lb more carrying 11st 6lb, while to-day she will have 11st 10lb.

FLY LEAF ran second to Fanny War at Epsom last month, carrying 7lb more than allotted weight. KENYMER ran fifth to Commet at Hurst Park, December 30, 1903, and nowhere to Titus II. in the Nerone Steeplechase (2m) at Hurst Park, January 15, 1904.

LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP

(Run Tuesday, March 23. One mile.)
100 to 1 — 8 agst Cusack, 5yrs, 8st 6lb (U)
20 to 1 — 1 — Marsden, 5yrs, 8st 6lb (U)
20 to 1 — 1 — Chaucer, 5yrs, 7st 10lb (U)
20 to 1 — 1 — Duke of Westminster, 5yrs, 8st 6lb (U)
20 to 1 — 1 — Dumbarton Castle, 5yrs, 8st 6lb (U)
25 to 1 — 1 — Prince, 5yrs, 8st 6lb (U)
25 to 1 — 1 — Charles, 5yrs, 7st 10lb (U)
25 to 1 — 1 — Grey, 5yrs, 7st 10lb (U)

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLCHASE

(Run Friday, March 25. About four miles and 85s yards.)
100 to 1 — 8 agst Detail, 5yrs, 10st 7lb (U)
100 to 1 — 8 — Mathew, 5yrs, 10st 7lb (U)
100 to 1 — 8 — Drum, 5yrs, 12st 7lb (U)
20 to 1 — 1 — May King, 5yrs, 10st 5lb (U)

THE DERBY.

(Run Wednesday, June 1. One mile and a half.)
10 to 1 agst Connet and o)
10 to 1 — 1 — Gumm (U and w)

SPORT JOTTINGS.

The match between Oxford University and Mr. W. Oakley's XI. originally arranged for last Saturday has been referred for next Wednesday (February 10), at Queen's Club.

Basil O. Foster, a younger brother of "H. K. E." has been assisting the Stockport F.C. club this season, and will play for them in the Cup Tie with Wolverhampton Wanderers to-morrow.

E. J. Ross, the Scottish Rugby International, has obtained an extension of leave from his regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, until March 1. He was at the time left for India after the match against Wales to-morrow, but will now be able to assist his country in the match with Ireland.

The Bristol Rugby team, who meet Gloucester to-morrow, have already defeated their opponents twice this season. Both teams will be well represented. Butcher, the International, will help Bristol.

West Ham United will be entertained by Bristol Rovers to-morrow. The Londoners have a difficult task, for at Canning Town the Westons were on a high.

HURST PARK RACES.

Waterloo (L.S.W.R.) 11.15, 11.40, 12.10, 12.15 (1st class), 12.30 (members), 12.35, and 1.3.

CRICKET.

WILLIAM HEARN BURIED YESTERDAY.
The late W. Hearn, the well-known umpire, who is his playing days did good work for the churchyard, Hertfordshire, was yesterday buried in the churchyard of Christ Church, High Barnet.

Hearn had not been in the best of health for the last two years, and this winter he had a severe attack of bronchitis, and he passed away rather suddenly, after heart failure, brought on by coughing. He was in his fifty-fourth year.

Many of Hearn's old cricket colleagues and friends were present at the interment, where the service was conducted by Canon Trotter, Vicar of Amps Hill. Mr. F. Hearn, assisted by the Rev. J. B. Amps Hill, Mr. F. Hearn and Mr. Thomas Hearn (Lancashire), Mr. F. Hearn (Kent), and Mr. W. Devey.

RACQUETS.

The Public School Racquets Championship has been fixed for April 15, at Queen's Club. Harrow and Eton will both compete.

"Weekly Dispatch"

NEXT SUNDAY WILL TELL
HOW AND WHERE THE

£3,790 WAS HIDDEN.

MEDALLIONS FOR OVER

£1,900

ARE STAIN IN THE GROUND.

ORDER TO-DAY NEXT SUNDAY'S

"Weekly Dispatch"

THE PAPER WITH
NEW NEWS IN IT.

THE LATEST PARIS DANCE.

"LA REJANE," CALLED AFTER THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTRESS.



The Sisters Mante who performed in a new dance invented by M. and Madame Helena. "La Rejane," as it is called, is being danced in the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre in Paris. It shows to the utmost advantage the grace and beauty of the dancers. Its popularity is already tremendous.

THE "LOATHE'D STAGE."

The State of the British Drama Calls Forth Lamentations and Signatures from Well-known People.

A strange document appears in the "Fortnightly Review" for this month. It is a theatrical jeremiad, entitled "What can be done to help the British stage," and it is of curiously composite authorship. Mr. Hare's famous letter to the "Times" in regard to the need for a school of acting is quoted in full, to begin with. Then comes Mr. Tree's statement of his intention to establish just such a school at His Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. W. L. Courtney, who combines so ably the duties of editor of the "Fortnightly" and dramatic critic of the "Daily Telegraph," follows

with what is described as an "Appeal" for a School of Acting and a Subsidised Theatre.

Mr. Courtney is supported in a few lines by Mr. Frederick Harrison, and finally by some fifty or more signatures. Here, amongst others, are to be found the names of one bishop—the Bishop of Ripon; five actor-managers—Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Hare, Mr. Tree, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Cyril Maude; seven playwrights—Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mrs. Craigie, and the Poet Laureate; three titled ladies—the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Strachey, and Lady Jeune;



MR. JOHN HARE.

He first wrote a letter to the "Times" calling in strong terms for a school of acting. He is one of the most respected members of "the" profession. The picture shows him as he appears in his best-known play, "A Pair of Spectacles."

(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)

some half-dozen novelists, including Mr. Henry James and Mr. Thomas Hardy, and a motley crowd of other celebrities, mostly literary and artistic.

This array of distinguished people is indeed calculated to give force to any actual "appeal." But, as a matter of fact, one is disappointed to learn from Mr. Courtney that the signatories are only to be accepted with qualifications. "The signatories," he says, "in many cases do not support

any given scheme; they merely voice the general discontent with the present conditions of things." The article thus resolves itself into a somewhat

MR. BEERBOHM TREE IN CHARACTER.



Mr. Beerbohm Tree has announced his intention of establishing a school of acting to help the British stage to better things.

vague petition for "something better." But for what purpose and to whom it is presented we cannot well divine, for our leading actors, managers, and playwrights—who are presumably responsible for the best of what we have—have all seemed to have taken to their beds upon the list of the petitioners.

One gathers, then, that the appeal is to the public. But the public never took a greater interest in, or spent more money upon, playing than they do at present. What more is it desired the public should do? Can it be that Mr. Courtney would ask us not to go to the theatre? Would he ask us to groan instead of to laugh, to scorn instead of to enjoy, to avoid instead of to cherish, the theatre before us on the stage to-day.

That seems certainly to be Mr. Courtney's message here. He tells us that "the public has advanced in the things that it should cherish." He tells us of "growing deterioration in popular taste." But is not this surprising in the almost universal optimism of the "Daily Telegraph"? Looking



THE BISHOP OF RIPON is among those who would like to see the theatre improved.

the files of that admirable broad-sheet, one can find hardly a single criticism pointing out specifically a piece which showed "growing deterioration." In fact, according to those eloquent columns, even the musical comedies, inveighed against by the elect, are in nearly every case made the subject of "praise, praise, praise."

As regards the practical and definite appeal for a School of Acting and a Subsidised Theatre, the former problem is already in process of solution at His Majesty's, and one must confess one cannot quite see that much practical assistance to the prospects of the Subsidised Theatre is afforded by fifty signatures that do not necessarily support any given scheme.

None the less Mr. Courtney has at least opened the flood-gates for discussion, and the thousands of people who are afflicted with a conviction that "British drama" needs their "help" in that way will doubtless take advantage of the opportunity. In the meantime, we would wish Mr. Courtney to divide his arena into two portions: reception of disputants regarding the "British Theatre," in which matter words may be wasted without doing much damage.

The other section might be reserved for the reception of coin in support of a National Theatre, which is a very different matter.

In fact, if only Mr. Courtney's fifty signatories had sent 600 each instead of their honoured but unquotable names, there might have been a need for any more talk at all. The work would begin.



MR. W. L. COURTNEY.

Editor of the "Fortnightly" and dramatic critic of the "Daily Telegraph," appeals for a school of acting and a subsidised theatre.

(Photo by Elliott & Fry.)



PAINFUL INGENUITY IN DRESS.
A PLEA FOR MORE SIMPLICITY IN DECORATIVE SCHEMES.

Now that hand embroidery is again the mode, designers of delicate stitchery and ingenious device are delighted. It is pleasant to see the graceful designs rising over our skirts, the ribbon-work notes and leather-stitched border on bodices and sleeves; but, before losing our heads entirely over the new fashion, let us enter one word of protest against over-elaboration, and urge the woman of enormous multiplicity of ornament spoil the whole effect.

Let's take a Good Example.

The French taste always inclines towards simplicity; the elaboration may be there, but it must be suggested rather than shown, like the rich silk lining of the modern frieze or homespun dress. But this has not always been so. In the sixteenth century, when ingenuity in devices had attained a painful degree, it is interesting to read an account of some of the dresses prepared for that celebrated battle known as the tournament of the Field of Cloth of Gold.

The French King and his Partners of Challenge introduced a sensational motto laboriously in their clothes throughout the three days, embroidery, brocade and appliqué being used to achieve the desired effect.

Others worked out in a variety of stuffs subtle allusions, with double meanings, till men became talking charades. Perhaps such clothes were the height of ingenuity of the day. Brandon Duke of Suffolk, who wore a dress half of grey woollen cloth and half of cloth of gold, gave large rewards to the friends who saw the moral in the words:—

Cloth of frise be not too bold
That thou be matched with cloth of gold.
Cloth of gold do not despise.
That thou be matched with cloth of frise.
Hopefully we have not yet reached this climax of painful ingenuity, but the bewildering multiplicity of ornament is little less irritating in its sometimes meaningless meanderings.

Painters as Dress Chroniclers.

A definite plan should underlie each scheme of decoration; borders are a safer style of decoration for the inexperienced than all-over patterns, whether they be of ruchings, quellings, embroidery or appliqué work. There is no objection to the use of several kinds of materials, and the inclusion of fur and lace, velvet and chiffon, may achieve a most pleasing effect in giving the desired richness to an otherwise too solid surface; but whatever the plan adopted it should be adhered to. General appearance of uncertainty in the mind of the wearer show themselves in the result of the work.

Modern and other contemporary portrait painters show us some splendid examples of the fashion, in the dress embroideries of their time. The use of coloured borders were generally worked in gold thread on silks in the cuffs and on the fronts of the dress bodices. Gold embroidery was often done on linen collars and cuffs, a fashion that had been brought from Spain by Catharine of Aragon. White and black silk was used on the linen with the gold thread, and some elaborate lace stitches rendered this Spanish work most effective.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.
By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

In accordance with promise, we shall publish from day to day more plays of the Tournament of the Mirrors, selected from those sent in by the prize-winners. It having been stated at the time that the majority of the hands were not "problems," it may be said that no means be supposed that every solution differed from the ones published was a case for hands played according to proper bridge principles.

Coupon No. 1 was as follows:—
♥ A, 10, 6, 5, 2.
♦ 10, 8, 2.
♣ 10, 8, 5, 4, 3.
♠ None.

Y	♥ Q, 8.
A	♥ 6, 5.
B	♥ J, 9, 4, 2.
Z	♥ K, 10, 7, 6, 3.

♥ K, 9, 4.
♥ A, Q, 7, 4.
♦ K, 7.
♣ A, 9, 5, 2.

Notes: Love all.
Z deals and declares No-trumps.

EASILY SATISFIED PLANTS.
THE CACTUS CULT AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

The cactus wants but little here below but wants that little long. That is one reason why it has become such a favourite cult among Londoners, whose opportunities to excel as gardeners are usually not great, but whose zeal for plant life is great. Cactus-culture is quite a craze now. Tiny green-houses are sold in quantities, some so small that

only one plant can be accommodated; others large enough to harbour a collection; and all, of course, portable, for where their owner goes there must go her pet plants.

Now is the time to think about the establishment of a collection or a few specimens of the cactus, as the plant is at present enjoying a rest preparatory to expanding its many varied and curious charms again. There are two rather curious rules to be observed with regard to their culture. First, they require no water until the end of February. Secondly, if in the spring they show no signs of rejuvenation they should be given a good soaking of hot water, not scalding, but of the same temperature as a human being would use for his ablutions.

A VERY ELEGANT CROSSOVER BLOUSE.



Cross-over effects are well liked by fashion now, and partake of the grace of the fichu which is always in vogue when elegance is considered a desirable attribute of women's attire. The blouse sketched is made of parchment-coloured crepe de Chine, inset with guipure lace of a more mellow ivory tint, a strong contrast to which is afforded by the black velvet cravat.



This acts as a powerful stimulant, and in no way injures the plants. Plenty of drainage in the bottom of the pots is another secret of success in cactus culture.

THE DAILY TIME-SAVER.
DISH OF THE DAY.

HOMARD A LA NEWBURG. By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

Divide a lobster in four pieces, keep the spawn separate on a dish. Put in a stew-pan over a fierce fire one soup-spoonful of salad oil, in addition to one ounce of butter. When boiling hot lay in the pieces of lobster, well seasoned, and keep turning them until sufficiently crisped. Then add half an onion finely minced, a gill of brandy, same quantity of white wine, one pint of cream; cover, and let simmer thirty minutes.

This done, unshell the pieces of lobster and put them in a small silver timbale. Reduce the liquor, thicken it with the spawn mixed up with one ounce of butter, season to taste, pass through a piece of muslin, and keep the pieces of lobster in it until the time of serving.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Smelts.	Fish.	Lemon Soles.
Cod.	Eels.	Haddock.
Turbot.	Red and Grey Mullet.	
Crabs.	Whiting.	Whitebait.
Prawns.	Whitbait.	Lobsters.
Crayfish.	Oysters.	
Mutton.	Veal.	Pork.
	Poultry and Game.	Beef.
Turkeys.	Fowls.	Ducks.
Pigeons.	Rabbits.	Geese.
Woodcock.	Wild Duck.	
Snipe.	Guinea Fowl.	Quails.
	Ptarmigan.	
	Vegetables.	
Turnip Tops.	Scott's Kale.	Sea Kale.
Spinach.	Parsnips.	Carrots.
Asparagus.	Artichokes.	Mushrooms.
Chow Chow.	Celeriac.	Salads.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples.	Bananas.	Cape Fruit.
Cranberries.	Grapes.	Mandarins.
Pears.	Oranges.	Nuts.
	Lichees.	Pineapples.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.
Pink and Scarlet Anemones.
Daffodils. Freesia.
White and Pink Lilium Lancifolium.
Smilax. French Fern.
Mimosa.

Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Genistas. Pink Begonias.
White and Pink Heaths.
Marguerites. Orange Trees.
Tulips on Bulbs.

SIMPLE DISH.

No. 242.—CELERY RAMAQUINS.

INGREDIENTS:—One gill of milk, two ounces of white bread-crumbs, four large tablespoonfuls of grated celery, two tablespoonfuls of warmed butter, two eggs.

Put the milk on to boil, stir in the bread-crumbs. When reboiled add the celery and warmed butter. Stir well and add two raw yolks and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in lightly. Have ready some slightly-buttered small paper ramaquins cases. Half fill them with the mixture and bake about ten minutes in a quick oven. Serve immediately.

Cost 10d. for eight portions.

THE PLAY.

As given by Mr. A. LINDSAY LISTER.

Trick.	A	Y	B	Z
1.	♠ 3	♠ 2	♠ 5	♠ 7
2.	♥ 8	♥ 2	♥ 8	♥ K
3.	♥ 7	♥ 5	♥ Q	♥ 9
4.	♠ 4	♦ 3	♠ 6	♠ 2
5.	♠ 8	♦ 4	♠ 3	♠ 5
6.	♠ Q	♦ 5	♠ 7	♠ 9
7.	♠ J	♦ 8	♠ 10	♠ A
8.	♥ J	♥ A	♠ K	♥ 4
9.	♠ 9	♥ 10	♠ 6	♠ 4
10.	♦ Q	♥ 6	♦ 8	♦ 7
11.	♦ A	♦ 10	♦ 6	♦ K
12.	♠ J	♠ 8	♦ 9	♠ Q
13.	♠ K	♠ 10	♦ J	♠ A

RESULT: AB, 5 tricks; YZ, 8 tricks.

COMMENTS.

Trick 3.—B, correctly inferring that his side is stronger in spades than in clubs (YZ being marked as having held seven cards, three honours, in the latter suit), opens spades instead of returning his partner's lead.

Trick 10.—Z can read A with ace of diamonds and king, knave of clubs, and therefore compels him to lead up to ace, queen.

Other ways of playing the hand, in some of which YZ win the odd trick only, were counted by the judges as equally "correct." The hand being one dealt at random, and the tournament being specially designed to encourage beginners, it was thought better to mark liberally, and to allow considerable scope for the exercise of individual judgment.

Mr. A. R. French (Tavistock-road) writes: "No doubt your seven-card problem will be copied without acknowledgment by your numerous imitators." Imitation is, of course, the penalty of success in any branch of journalism, but we shall be ready to vindicate our copyright, if necessary.

When Mr. H. Duncun analysed this position, he professed to write with reluctance, on the ground of our "somewhat scathing comments on those who ventured to criticize." We deny the soft impeachment. We have never "scathed," and we are always ready to give every assistance to bonafide inquirers. What we have objected to is in-temperate language from people who think they know much better than ourselves how the Coupons of our Tournament should be played, and who betray unmistakably in every line their unfamiliarity with the simplest fundamental prin-

ciples. As witness the extraordinary letter of "J. M."—anent Coupon No. 12.

THE BOOK IS NOW FOUND.

It may be remembered how H. H. wrote questioning our decision that diamonds should be declared at love-all by the dealer on the following hand:—

♥ 6; ♠ 9, 6, 5, 4; ♦ 9, 8, 7, 5, 3, 2; ♣ A, 5.

Requesting us to state our "reasons," he said he could not find authority "in any book" for the call. Our attention has since been directed to pages 161 and 162 of "Badsworth's" admirable work, where the following passages occur:—

♦ ♦ ♦

"With six cards of a red suit and a Yarborough, it is better to make the declaration . . . than to pass."

"Your contribution in all probability will [then] be three tricks in an expensive suit, and unless your partner has a very bad hand, you are likely to get the odd trick; if you pass, you hold a hand without a single trick in it, and unless your partner has an exceptionally good hand worth seven tricks you must lose the odd trick; if he has such a hand you will make a very good score on your red suit declaration; you do not deprive yourself of the chance of making a good score, and you take the best chance of immunity from utter rout."

"If you pass, . . . you pass with an instinctive feeling (which is often a better guide than many forms of reasoning) that you will regret it."

OUR NEW FEUILLETON

THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL.

A STORY OF THE "NEVER-NEVER LAND."

By WILSON BARRETT, Actor-Manager and Author of "The Sign of the Cross," etc.

CHAPTER XVII. Grimes Ceases from Troubling.

The moment Jack jumped overboard Tom sprang to the side of the vessel, detached a life-boat, and threw it after him. But Jack, who was already many yards away, did not see it. The captain turned his vessel round and steamed back. The way on the boat drove her past the men. A boat was lowered. Without waiting for permission Tom jumped in, anxious to help in the rescue of his friend. The crew were pulling with all their strength towards Jack and Grimes, who were struggling for life a quarter of a mile astern. After rowing for a few minutes Tom gave a startled cry, saying, in a tone of dismay, "Look! Look there!"

The men looked, and bent to their oars with renewed energy, for what they saw was the dorsal fin of a shark, slowly following in their wake, a few boat-lengths away from them. Tom's face was ashen grey. The shark had probably noticed either the splashing of the men as they leaped into the sea, or that of the boat, and was swimming in search of prey.

"Pull, for God's sake, boys!" cried Tom, in an agony of dread.

The men needed no urging. They knew that the lives of two fellow-creatures depended upon their exertions. At present the shark seemed content to follow them at a distance, but at any moment he might see the men; then, nothing could save them.

Tom was standing up in the bows, directing the rowers and steersman. He could now see Jack. He redoubled his cries and entreaties for them to hasten. Jack's strength seemed to him to be failing. Would the boat never reach him? Looking back, Tom saw to his increased terror that the fin of the shark was no longer visible. In which direction was it now going? Vainly Tom strained his eyes; he could see no trace of it. Nearer and nearer the boat was approaching the men. The tension was almost unbearable. Tom's heart was beating so violently that it almost stopped his breath. They were now within a boat's length. Tom was leaning over the side of the boat, ready to grasp at his friend. They were alongside. Tom and one of the crew were stretching out their hands to seize the half-drowned man, when there was a piercing shriek, the two men suddenly went down, and the foam churned up by the propeller around the boat was reddened with blood. All were speechless and motionless with horror. Who had gone? One or both? Tom, recovering, looked down into the deep as far as he could. Was that something rising? Yes; the body of a man. Who was it? With a cry of joy Tom recognised Jack.

"Quick, men—quick!" he shouted. "Bear a hand here!"

Two of the sailors started to Tom's help, and Jack was pulled on board, insensible, but alive and unhurt.

There is much beauty in and around Auckland. The harbour is delightful. The view from Mount Eden is a glorious and weird one.

Jack, now fairly convalescent, strolled into the city. Nearing the square of the Art Buildings, Tom called out,

"Look, Jack, there's old Wong. There is he off to?"

"Going to hunt up some relations or countrymen—there are plenty of them up yonder. He'll be going to have a chin-chin with some of them I expect."

"What Wong was really doing ashore was the hunting up of some of his countrymen" to assist him in acting as a body-guard to Jack while he remained on shore. Wong feared his master's arrest, for he had long since fully divined the state of affairs.

However, Jack was not molested, and in a few hours they were again on board, and were sailing for Samoa. Out of the Colonies and under the American Stars and Stripes, Jack's fears of arrest were safe. He could breathe freely. He was safe.

As the land receded from sight, Wong came up to Jack and handed him his pocket-book.

"Where did you find this?" asked Jack.

"Allee samee in cabin—soon no him find at all if leave him alone. Bletter purser him hab."

"Thanks, Wong, but I can't take it," said Jack. "I'll let the purser take care of it." Going to the purser's room, Jack confided the pocket-book, which contained the money he had drawn from the bank in Sydney, to his keeping. While writing the receipt and placing the money in the safe, the purser said:

"That's a good Chinaman of yours, Mr. Landale."

"Indeed, he is," Jack assented. "A real good one."

"I'll bet on that," continued the purser, "and I've had some experience with Chinamen, dead and alive."

"What do you mean by 'dead'?" asked Jack.

"Well, when I mean the Goptic, then in the China service from San Francisco and Hong Kong, I had to carry 103 dead Chinamen from 'Frisco to be buried in their own land. You see," the purser continued, lighting a long, fat cigar, "when a Chinaman dies there, they put him in their burial ground and there are sufficient to make a consignment in bulk, as it were. The coffins are all most carefully numbered, and have the name and home address of the defunct Mongolian inscribed in Chinese characters on the out-

side. The longing for home burial is so strong in a Chinaman's breast that one of the first uses he makes of his savings is to insure the return of his body to China, in case of dissolution. On this particular trip, somehow or other, I lost one of the parcels. The 103 dead passengers were reduced to 102. When the time came for their disembarkation, I discovered the loss and was in the dickens' own quandary, for I knew that there would be trouble. I handed out the hundred and two to their several relations, who carried them off to their last lodgings, and, meanwhile, instituted a vigorous search all over the hold for number one hundred and three. As ill-luck would have it number one hundred and three's family were the first to arrive on our getting into port, and began their inquiries for their particular package almost before we had let go the anchor. As we swung the caskets up, in half-dozen at a time, this precious old family party would amble up and watch the caperations, wading to read the inscriptions as they were placed in long lines on the quay. As my consignments got nearer and nearer delivery, and there was no sign of their relation's case appearing, they eyed me with more and more malevolent interest. I began to opeze perspiration from every pore. Had the fellow who looked like the carved head of an elephant could not have funk the loss more. What had become of the thing?

"Number one hundred and one—Number one hundred and two. All out!" shouted the supercargo. The bereaved Ching-Chings looked at me ferociously, and the head of the family, a wizened old fellow who looked like the carved head of an umbrella gone yellow with age and neglect, shuffled up to me and said, "Number one hundred and one? Well, I swaggared, feeling deucedly uncomfortable. What about it?" "Number hundred and one? Well, I swaggared, feeling deucedly uncomfortable. What about it?" "Number hundred and one? Well, I swaggared, feeling deucedly uncomfortable. What about it?"

"Yes, that's all right," I said, as briskly and cheerfully as I could. "Allee lightee! No, no allee lightee—no no hundred and one hab got." "No, I know that; but we've got him away in a special place, to take much care—see! Come along to-morrow, and hundred and three you get. Savee?" "Lundred and one we want-ee now, he squeaked. "Yes, no doubt; but don't worry. You get him allee samee to-morrow. Come along at ten—say two. Savee? At two, and you get him allee lightee. Run along. I'm busy." "But run along they would not. They stuck to me like hungry leeches, following me whenever and wherever I stirred. At last I went to the captain, and, confiding my troubles to him, asked him to order the whole family off the deck. He did so, but they all squatted down on their haunches, waiting me anxiously from the dock. All of one year, and asked him at what price he could supply a dead Chinaman. A sufficiently startling question, even for a Chinaman, but my old acquaintance, Lung-Tong, never moved an eyebrow. All he said was, "How longa him be dead?"

"Doesn't matter," I answered. "Anything over three months dead will go." "Allee lightee. Me get him." "What's the figure, old man?" I asked. "Two hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Two hundred and fifty Chinese devils! Do you think I am buying dead Chinamen at the price of Christian beauties?" I roared. "Fifty dollars is the last cent I'll give, and that'll take the gilt off this voyage's gingerbread." "Fifty dollars no hab. Two hundred and fifty must hab—no trade case."

"Well, for two mortal hours did I do battle with that old sounder over the price, and the heat of the consignment. At last, utterly worn out, and getting more and more into a funk for fear I should lose my billet, as I had lost the body, never again to recover it, I consented to give a hundred dollars if the article was delivered on board before daylight next morning. Lung-Tong agreed, and I went on unpacking the ship a little easier in my mind, if a little more uneasy in temper. There were the whole of the family still waiting their blessed old kinsman. They had never moved. At about four in the morning, a large cart arrived, under the convoy of Lung-Tong and four other Celestials. On unpacking, in the hold, was the coffin, duly labelled one hundred and three, in Chinese figures, and the deceased one's name and address, which they had copied from my list. I divined some of the newness of the characters, and brushed the case a bit, to give it an air of travel. When daylight came, only two anxious to be rid of the dead eyes of the family of a hundred and three, I had them aboard, and, handing him over, got my receipt.

"I asked the head of the family, pointing to the coffin, "Some relation?"

"My glannmother."

"That Scott!" I yelled. Rushing into my room I locked myself in. His grandmother!—and Lung Tong had sold me the remnants of a middle-aged man. How anxiously I prayed for the ship's departure no one will ever know. But, as we cleared out a mob of some two hundred Mongolians, nailed to the waist and bent on trouble, rushed to the dock's edge, bearing sticks and yelling for their glannmother. I got transferred, and have never dared to show my nose near Hong Kong since. I afterwards learned that the corpse Lung-Tong had sold me was own brother to the head of the family of the missing 'glannmother.' This, of course, would account for some of the queer things of his family on the wharf. What had become of 'glannmother' I never learned. Whether there had ever been a 'glannmother,' or, if there had, whether she had really embarked at 'Frisco, only the Joss of Josses could tell."

CHAPTER XVIII. In Which Jack's Presents Arrive.

It did not take Nat long to decide that the sooner he was in Sydney the sooner he would be in a position to prosecute his enquiries about the London legacy. It is difficult to extract anything out of drought-parched gum-trees, but to drain information from them respecting landed estates sixteen thousand miles away is impossible. To Sydney he would go. There were all sorts of things in Sydney that appealed to Nat. He knew that there he could get water to drink, and even, if he desired it very much, and had the wherewithal to pay for it, something a little stronger and more congenial to his palate. Then, there were certain attractions in the neighbourhood of Pitt-street, in very uncertain company, where a man of his parts and a well-lined purse could "do himself pretty well," that he had long wished to revisit.

Nat had gone through many things in his time, and many pockets. There were few things he cared better than winning at poker and picking a favourite at a ten to one chance. There was a little race-course outside Sydney, where he was in the habit, in the old days, of not only picking the favourite, but of what he called "stiffing it," which was to put obstacles in the way of its winning.

Better than that did Nat like the higher game of Flettington and Randwick. But these required more capital than he had. There was, however, Jack's promise to provide for Sal and Smudgee, and the prospect of sharing in London's inheritance, opened boundless visions for his future. He saw himself an owner of racehorses, which he could "run in and out" and "stiffen" or not at will, to his own exceeding profit and amusement. Unlimited fields of sport the meagre little nights of dissipation were his, with a little trouble and patience. He was, in imagination, already in possession of the fortune; but it was borne in upon his mind that he must at least get to Sydney to enjoy it. In order to avoid the quick-eyed Smudgee he went off for a walk with Sal into the suburbs, where they discussed their prospects and plans.

Meanwhile Jack's presents, despatched to Woolloomooloo Gully, to the care of Mr. Thompson, were nearing Sal's hut.

Smudgee was sitting at the door sadly reminding her the loss of her father and friend. When the cart containing Jack's presents arrived at Sal's place, Smudgee came from the hut, and, looking at the large number of boxes and packages, asked the man in charge:

"You yer got there? Is Thompson's moving?"

"No; they's presents for you," was the answer.

"Presents for what?" asked the wondering Smudgee.

"Ere, ketch 'old," said the man, handing out hat-boxes, dress-baskets, paper parcels, one after the other in such numbers that the astonished Smudgee fairly gasped for breath.

"Is all these for us?" at last she asked, as the last of the cart left her hands of the man.

"Well, can't yer read?"

"Yes, I can. Presents for us!" she murmured.

"An 'ere's a letter for you, too."

"Letter! Give it to me!" Smudgee was trembling with excitement. She had never received a letter before, and she saw at once this was in Jack's handwriting. Her heart gave a little jump as she took the note, but she mustered up enough self-command to say:

"Thanks, young feller. Tell Mr. Thompson as we are much obliged for 'is kindness."

"Ain't yer goin' to remember the carrier?"

"Yes, young man, to me dying day. And when I opens me bank account, and gits me cheque-book, I'll 'ear from me. For the present, good morning."

With a grunt and a muttered grumble, the man drove off.

Smudgee stared at the envelope for fully five minutes before she could bring herself to open it. With trembling, nervous fingers she at last did it, and then read her very first letter, which was as follows:

Dear Little Princess,—I told you I would not forget you. I have not. Herewith you should receive some boxes and parcels. They contain dresses and—and other things for your Highness's wardrobe and for that of your mother. I am afraid they will not all fit, and there may be some things among them you do not want, and others that you do require may be missing. You see, I have not had much experience with princesses's wardrobes, and the young ladies at the stores where I bought them were a little confusing. ("Hussies, don't did they do, I wonder? Wish I'd been there!" interjected Smudgee.) But I have done my best. ("Bless 'im, I should think 'e 'ave!" said Smudgee, kissing the letter.) If it is not a very superfluous best, you must put it down to my lack of knowledge, not to my want of will. Write to me care of Martin and Martin, solicitors, Macquarie-street, Sydney. God bless you, dear little woman, and make you happy.—Affectionately yours, JACK.

Smudgee burned to attack the undoing of the parcels, but she yearned still more after Jack, and not until she had carefully read his letter through a second time did she cut the first string and open the first of the boxes. It contained a new hat—such as Smudgee had never seen before. She imagined. She scarcely dared to touch it. Putting it gingerly and carefully into the box, she opened one of the dress-boxes.

"Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!" was the only thing she was capable of saying; but the amount of admiration she contrived to throw into these few sounds was wonderful.

Box after box was opened and investigated.

"Well 'e might say there might be some things I do not want. Wot is this for? 'Ow do I wear

that?" she asked of the air, as she took out one strange garment after another. There were dresses and hats, shoes, belts, gloves, and wonderful things in cambric, lace, silk, linen, brushes, powder-puffs, pins, needles, cotton, button-hooks, a gold chain and collar, handkerchiefs, blouses, a gold chain and locket, and—oh! luxury of luxuries—a silver-backed hand-glass. This was too much. Smudgee put on one of the hats, looked eagerly at herself in the precious glass, and then burst into a fit of sobbing, thus shedding the first tears since Jack bade her goodbye.

"Oh, God bless him—God bless 'im; ain't 'e good; ain't 'e an angel. If he could only see me in all these lovely things. But 'e can't—'e can't!" she sobbed to herself.

She had opened all her own parcels, and spread them on the stump and fences, but she had religiously abstained from touching those containing her brother's presents? Look! Sal returned. Smudgee, Nat, it was to find a bitterly weeping Smudgee, surrounded, as it seemed to them, with a perfect equipment for a George-street millinery establishment.

"Well, 'im blest!" ejaculated Nat, as he stared at the wondrous array of colour and material.

Sal stood speechless for a moment, dazed with astonishment. Then, running eagerly from one box to another, she examined the articles with the most intense interest and admiration.

"Wot's it mean—wot's it mean? Whose is they? Where'd they come from?" she asked breathlessly.

"It means Jack's an angel. They're mine, and they come from Anthony's, Sydney," answered the literal Smudgee.

"And there's none for me?"

"Yes; all them's yours." Smudgee waved her hand towards the rest of the packages, not knowing Sal rushed from one to another, not knowing which to open first.

"Oh, look at this, Smudgee, look at this. I've got out your knife, and cut some of these strings. 'Urry! 'Urry, yer yer!" she shouted, "what 'is it! It's a bloomin' millinery store, that's what it is! A bloomin' Anthony's store—notkin less!"

Smudgee chuckled Nat, cutting the strings and opening the various parcels.

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